



# THE JUDGE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

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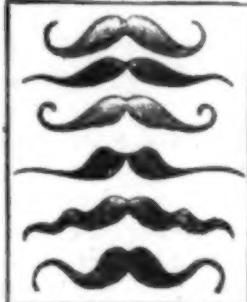
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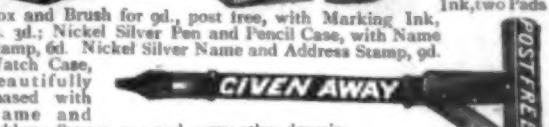
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## WHERE THE COOK GOT HIS DINNER.

WE know a cook who works in a big London hotel. He is a genius in his line, and like other geniuses, he can produce wonderful effects with the most simple means. With a little fish, some good beef, and a few vegetables, he can get up a better dinner than a less gifted person could with the resources of a whole market. And he can make astonishing dishes with tongue-twisting French names. Goodness knows what he puts into them ; he leaves other people to enjoy the product of his talents. He says that when he wants a really good dinner he goes to the little suburban house where his old mother lives, and she prepares it ; her cookery is plain and simple, yet her son delights in it. His friends think he is an odd man.

We also know a baker at Horsepath, Wheatley, near Oxford. From his ovens come the lightest of bread and the most tempting of rolls and buns. For years this baker has done a brisk trade, yet could not even look upon his own wholesome wares without a shudder ; he could not have turned more decidedly from rank poison. Indeed, his bread was poison to him, and not owing to any fault of his either.

"Eight years ago," he says, "I began to be troubled with my stomach. At first I had a bad taste in the mouth, and after meals had pain at my chest and side. I was also troubled with wind, and had a gnawing, craving feeling at my stomach as if wanting food, which, when put before me, I could not touch. I kept on with my work, but was seldom free from pain. At last I began to take a medicine that had benefited my mother, called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After taking it a short time I found relief, and soon the indigestion left me. If any of us ail anything a few doses of the medicine puts us all right. You may make what use you wish of this statement. (Signed) W. Surman (baker), Horsepath, Wheatley, near Oxford, June 16th, 1893."

So long as the human race is tormented by such an evil as this the remedy named by Mr. Surman will be needed.

"In the autumn of 1890," writes a lady, "I fell into a low, weak state. My appetite was very poor, and after eating I had pain and tightness at the chest and sides, also pain in the back. My food, however light and simple, gave me so much pain that I was almost afraid to eat, and I got into a very weak state. I took different kinds of medicines, but nothing did me any good. After suffering two years

I read of a medicine called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle, and after taking it a short time all pain and distress left me, I could digest my food, and soon got as strong as ever. In the spring of 1891 my husband was troubled with severe indigestion which nothing relieved. Seeing the great benefit I had derived from Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup he commenced taking it, with the same happy result as in my own case. If any of us ail anything a few doses of the medicine soon sets us right. You may make what use you like of this statement. (Signed) (Mrs.) Emma Butler, White Swan Inn, Pleasley Hill, near Nottingham, June 6th, 1893."

The lady is quite right in calling such a result a happy one ; and there are many who, on reading how she was cured, will thank her for allowing the facts to be published. The complaint from which she suffered—indigestion and dyspepsia—is dreadfully prevalent, and until the discovery of Mother Seigel's Syrup nothing seemed able to cure it. Thousands—yes, millions—whose health might have been restored, and their lives made long and useful, pined and sank into untimely graves through the power of it.

Yes, indeed. And if we may say so, the worst of this disease is that it is so deceptive—it is such a cheat. How? do you ask me? Well, I'll tell you.

It is this way. People have all sorts of pains—in the chest, in the head, in the arms and legs—all over, in fact. They have heart palpitation, they have a bad cough that looks like consumption, they spit up phlegm, they get weak and thin, they get nervous and fidgety and can't sleep o' nights, they have chills with a fever to follow, they have what is called liver complaint or kidney trouble. The skin and eyes go yellow, and they feel shivery, downhearted, and miserable. And so it goes in fifty directions. And they fancy they have as many different ailments, and dose themselves on that theory.

But, as a matter of fact, all these complaints, with all variations of them, are results, and therefore symptoms, of one real disease, and only one—indigestion and dyspepsia. And that you can cure with Mother Seigel's Syrup. Then all the rest fly away like crows when you fire a gun into the flock.

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# The Ludgate Illustrated Magazine.

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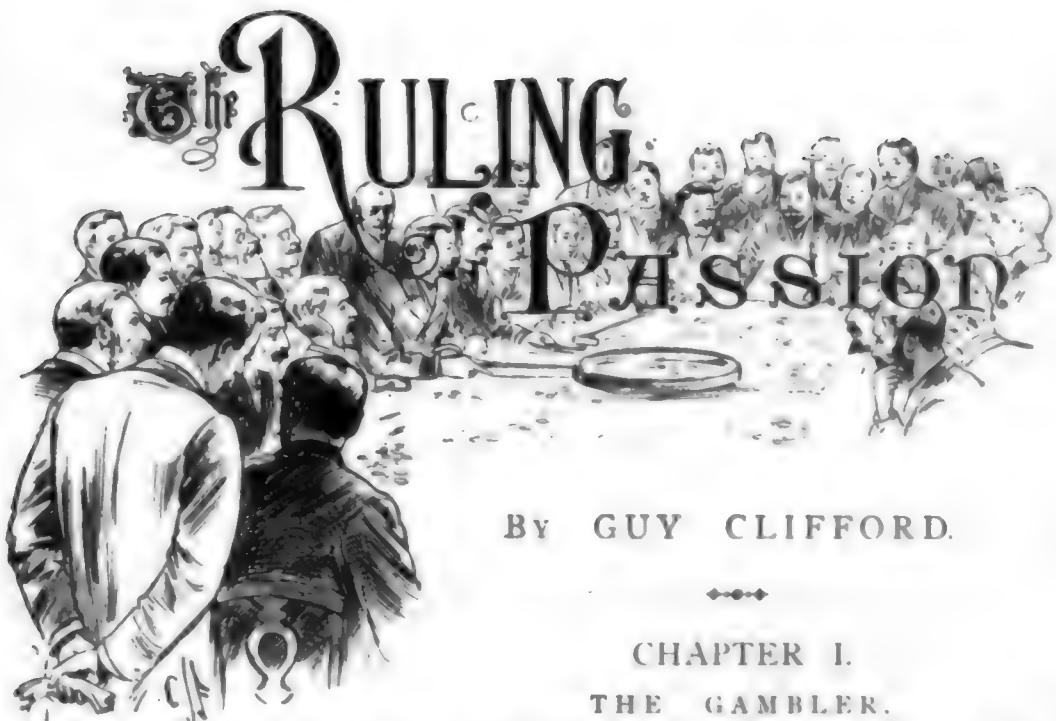
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THE RULING PASSION

"'WE SHALL BE SAVED AFTER ALL'" — [Page 137]



BY GUY CLIFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

THE GAMBLER.

**S**EVENTEEN, red wins; seventeen, red wins, gentlemen," and the croupier's rake swept up the notes and gold of the many losers, while the banker paid the few winners.

"Make your game, gentlemen, if you please," said the voice of the banker, and when the stakes were relaid, another twist of the roulette tee-to-tum was awaited with eager interest by those round the table.

"That's my last sovereign," muttered one of the gamblers to himself as he awaited the dictum of the spinning-top, "perhaps even now my confounded luck may turn," his thoughts ran on, "if not! bah, I must not begin thinking of what is to be."

His self-commune was brought to an end by the banker announcing the winning number and colour, which was not his.

Rising from his seat, Richard Chiltern faced the curious glances of several of his fellow-gamblers with an air of complete nonchalance, and moving quietly to an adjacent sideboard, helped himself to a glass of brandy and water.

"Takes it well," said one man to his neighbour, with a nod towards Chiltern at the sideboard.

"What, the brandy?"

"No, his losses."

"Has he lost heavily? I haven't been at the club recently."

"I'm afraid, poor chap, he's hit more hardly than he cares to show. He has been playing steadily for the past month or more, always with the same bad luck. Almost invariably losing, sometimes recovering a little, then plunging and dropping piles."

The apartment wherein the foregoing was taking place was the card room of The Primus, a private club situate in Royal Street, St. James's. The members of the club bore the names of some of the proudest families in the country, for the club was very exclusive, and unless you had the best of credentials your application for membership was politely refused.

Had any vulgar person suggested that the club was simply a common gambling hell, he would have been ignored, and his assertion thrust back on him with the evidence that the place was legally constituted as a club. But for all that, the vulgar person's suggestion would not have been very wide of the mark.

Richard Chiltern was, indeed, in most unhappy straits. He had had the misfortune to lose both his parents whilst he was yet a child, so that when he attained his majority, he found himself with the world at his feet, the inheritor of The Grange, Greenley, in Southshire, a beautiful old estate, with a rent-roll of nearly five thousand a year, and the accumulations of his minority amounting to between sixty and seventy thousand pounds in ready money at his bankers.

For seven years he had lived the life of a man with four or five times his income, and had not counted the cost of his pleasures.

Then he had met Ethel Vane, and for a time his downward progress was lessened; but it was only for a time, for the passion of gambling had entered into his veins and lay there smouldering, only waiting opportunity to again burst into full flame.

He had been married to Ethel now just two years, and after their honeymoon they had settled down quietly at The Grange, the lovely old home of his forefathers. The sunny presence of his wife had blotted out all evil desires of his old self, and the even tenour of his life had brought back much of the freshness of youth. For Richard Chiltern was not a bad man, and had his up-bringing been otherwise he might never have taken the crooked path instead of the straight one. In personal appearance he was well-looking, of more than average height, with thews and muscles well developed, the result of much cricket and football in his school and college days.

The extravagance of his life before he met Ethel had made somewhat serious inroads on his income, and when they were married he found that instead of the five thousand a year which he had inherited he had now but a bare three thousand. Still, so far, they had lived very happily on this, and had even saved a few hundreds; but it was slow work, so he thought. But worse was to follow.

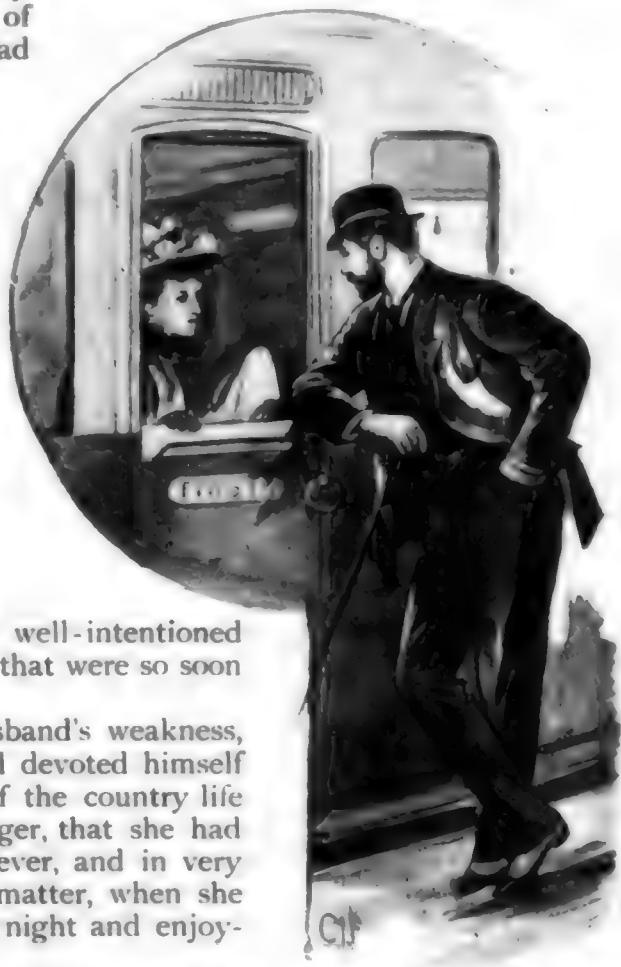
A month ago, or perhaps a little more, Ethel had received a telegram stating that her mother was very ill and desired to see her, and so Richard accompanied his wife to London and saw her off from Euston Station on her journey to Hexton, in Durham.

"You won't go back home this afternoon, Ritchie dear," Ethel said with loving thoughtfulness; "it will be so slow for you without me."

Bitterly was she to regret her well-intentioned suggestion during the sorrowful times that were so soon to follow.

Ethel had been aware of her husband's weakness, but since they had been married he had devoted himself so entirely to her and the pleasures of the country life to which he had so long been a stranger, that she had thought him cured of his gambling fever, and in very truth she thought not at all of the matter, when she suggested his stopping in town for the night and enjoying an evening at the theatre.

"I had not thought about it, wifie," he returned, as he leaned in at the carriage window; "but it certainly



AS HE LEANED IN AT THE  
CARRIAGE

will be dreary at The Grange without you. Yes, I think a day or two in town would kill time a bit, and I can see about that new threshing machine I ordered last week, and so combine business with pleasure."

And now the engine shrieked its shrill note of departure, and Ethel leaned forward for the last kiss she was to receive from her husband for many a weary year.

After Richard Chiltern had finished his dinner that evening at the Grey Friars Hotel, he lighted his cigar and stroiled across Trafalgar Square towards the Hay-market, intending to drop in at the Empire for an hour or two. He had barely crossed the Square when a man walked rapidly up to him, and peering into his face, exclaimed "Hullo Chiltern, my boy; how are you?"

Turning towards his friend, he replied "Roberts, old man, I'm delighted to see you," and the two men walked on arm in arm.

"Where are you off to?" asked Roberts when they had finished their mutual congratulations at so opportunely meeting.

Then Chiltern explained his bachelor position and informed his friend that he was on his way to the Empire.

"Just suit me," replied Roberts, "I'll join you, if you don't mind, and we can have a jolly chat over auld lang syne."

When the performance was drawing to a close they rose to go out, and Roberts, who was off to Paris in the morning, suggested it was too early to turn in and proposed they should drop in at the Primus.

"We needn't play you know," he remarked, "but I don't want to let you go yet, for goodness knows when I shall see you again."

Nor did they play that evening, but lounging comfortably on a settee chatted and joked. Many of the men present remembered Chiltern in his plunging days and came up from time to time and renewed their acquaintanceship, and so the hours slipped away, and it was well on into the small hours of the early morning when the two friends parted outside the club. The next day Richard Chiltern devoted to business, and after dinner, feeling lost and lonely in the great hotel, he thought he would go up to the club and renew his last night's pleasant converse. This time he did not refrain from playing, and then the old passion got possession of him, and night after night witnessed his deeper engulfment in the slough of debt and difficulties. To pay his losses he visited his lawyers so frequently to raise money on his property, that at last the senior partner ventured to remonstrate with him on his suicidal policy. At another time Chiltern would have taken the advice tendered him in a kindly manner, but he had been so hit the night previous that he was almost beside himself, and answered shortly that if they didn't wish to carry out his instructions he would go elsewhere. So the unhappy man went on his course, blinded to all save his ruling passion. The end was fast approaching, and when, at his last appearance at his lawyers, they told him that was the last loan they could raise on The Grange, he took the money sullenly, and that same evening, as we have seen, he played his last sovereign and lost.

## CHAPTER II.

### FLEEING FROM JUSTICE.

WHEN Richard Chiltern returned to his hotel that night he found a letter from his wife full of hope as to her mother's recovery and informing him that she expected to return home to him at the end of the week.

He seemed now, for the first time, to realise his true position. This was Wednesday, and on Saturday Ethel would return.

"Return to what?" he asked himself, bitterly. Home he had none to take her to. In one short month he had gambled away his birth-right, and now he had

nowhere to lay his head. And his wife, his darling Ethel, how could he face her? He thanked God he had no children.

All that night as he lay tossing on his bed these same thoughts kept coursing through his brain, and in the morning when he rose, it would have been difficult to have recognised the haggard, haunted face of the man who stood before the glass as that of the handsome, jovial Richard Chiltern of a few weeks ago.

The only plan he had conceived during that long, dreary night was this:—

The next heir to The Grange estate, which was strictly entailed to the male line, was Arthur Chiltern, Richard's cousin, who was a bachelor and reputed to be rich and prosperous. As Richard had no son to succeed him this cousin stood as next heir. The cousins had seen but little of each other, and what intercourse they had had did not serve to make them closer friends; but Richard felt that he was his only hope, and determined as soon as the morning was sufficiently advanced to call on his cousin Arthur and beg his help.

Arthur Chiltern was a very different man to Richard. He oscillated between London and Paris, giving each city a fair share of his patronage, and rented a small but perfect suite of chambers in both places. He was about a couple of years older than Richard but looked younger; dark complexioned, clean-shaven, and perfectly dressed, he impressed the world in which he moved as being a model of shrewd respectability. Somewhat austere in his habits, he bore his years well, and his calm, immobile features betrayed but little of the feelings of the inner man.

When Richard arrived at his cousin's rooms he was shown into the dining-room, where Arthur was still in the midst of his breakfast. He was not alone, for sitting in an armchair near the window was another visitor.

"Good morning, Richard," said Arthur. "I heard you were in town some days ago, but scarcely hoped for the pleasure of a visit. You know Spencer Woolf," waving his hand toward the armchair.

The two men bowed stiffly.

There was reason for their coolness, for Richard was the successful and Spencer Woolf an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Ethel Vane. Their rivalry had been keen and there was little love lost between the two.

"I should like to see you for a few minutes alone, Arthur," began Richard.

"All right, my dear fellow. Pray excuse me, Woolf," replied Arthur, rising from the table, and, preceding his cousin, he led him into the bijou drawing-room adjoining.

When the door was closed Richard commenced without preamble.

"I'm in a devil of a mess, Arthur, and if you can't help me I don't know what will be the end of it;" and then he proceeded to disclose his trouble.

As the narrative went on Arthur seemed to be more and more interested, but interrupted never a word until his cousin had finished.

"What do you want me to do?" then Arthur asked.

"Lend me a few thousands, Arthur. I wouldn't ask unless I were in the direst need. You are a rich man and my own cousin."

For some moments there was silence, then Arthur replied:—

"I am afraid you are harbouring false hopes. You say I'm a rich man. Well, I'm as poor as Job; so poor that I am now—or, at least, was when you came in—arranging with Spencer Woolf to lend me a thousand pounds. As a matter of fact, he has agreed to do so. It is impossible for me to aid you with money, but perhaps—mind, I only say perhaps—Woolf may do something."

During Arthur's explanation of his own financial position his cousin's face had grown more haggard and despairing, and at Arthur's last suggestion of applying to Spencer Woolf he waved his hand in sign of dissent.

"Pooh! pooh! man, don't be foolish," continued Arthur; "it's a Jew's business to supply us with the needful. Besides, what else can you do?"

"Any other man but him, Arthur," muttered Richard.

"Bosh!" returned his cousin. "Come on, and let us go at him together." And taking his cousin's arm he led him back to the dining-room. There Arthur related the sorry story of his cousin's needs to his visitor.

"And what security does Mr. Richard Chiltern offer for the loan?" said the Jew when Arthur had finished his narrative.

It was curious that neither of the one-time rivals addressed either glance or observation to the other, but used Arthur as though he were an interpreter.

"Well, as to that," Arthur answered, "I scarcely think Richard can offer much else than his bond at present."

"I lend no money on a gambler's bond," replied Woolf, with an ugly sneer, "and unless you can offer me good sound security, I wouldn't let Mr. Richard Chiltern have sixpence of my money to save him and his wife from dying in a ditch."

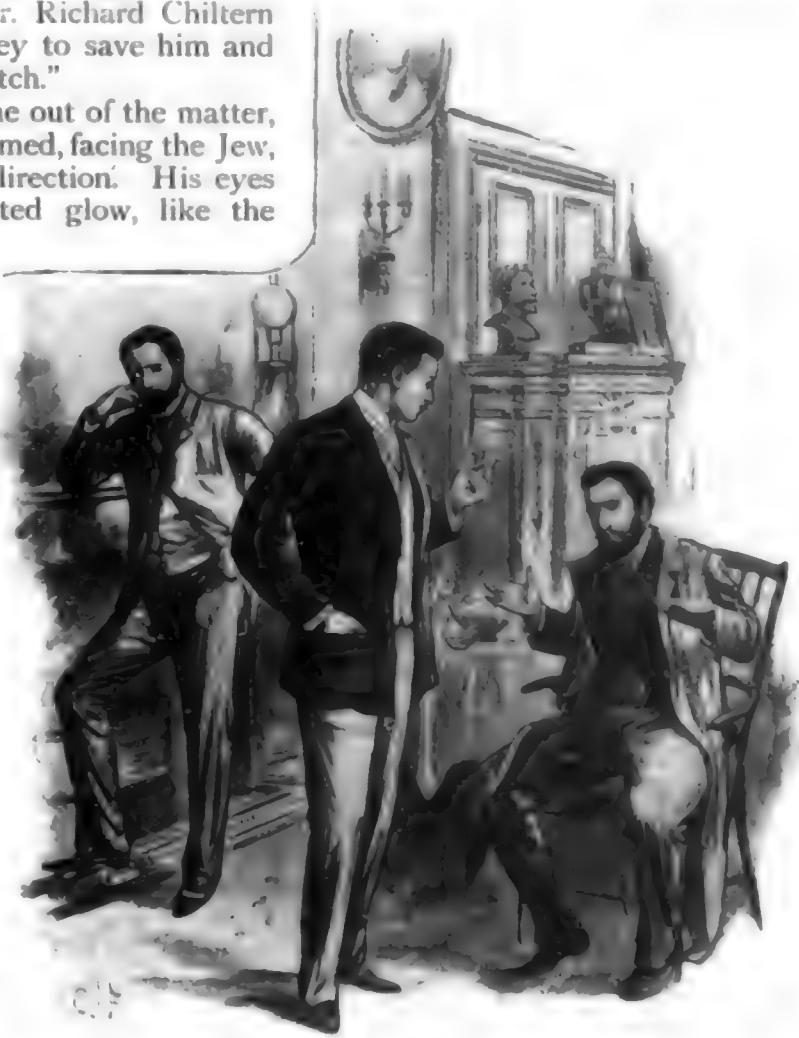
"Leave my wife's name out of the matter, you hound," Richard exclaimed, facing the Jew, and taking a step in his direction. His eyes blazed with a lurid, hunted glow, like the gleam in the eye of a stag when it turns at bay.

Spencer Woolf was no coward, and had the interview been an ordinary business one he would probably not have lost his self-control; but the bitterness of past defeat was only scarred over, not healed, and springing up from his seat he replied angrily:

"You called me a hound. What name do you give yourself? You came between me and the woman I wished to be my wife; you gamble your substance away, and then ask me, *me*, to keep you."

He had barely finished his taunting speech ere Richard Chiltern flew at him like a mad dog. They were fairly matched in height and build, but the Jew's strength was like a child's in the muscular grasp of his opponent. Smashing down Woolf's arm, which he had raised to ward off his enemy's attack, Richard gave him two fearful blows on the forehead and neck, and seizing him by the throat shook him like a terrier would a rat; then, gathering all his strength in one final effort, he hurled him from him with such a force that he went right across the room, where he fell with a thud that made the china on the table rattle again.

Arthur had no time to interfere, even had he the desire, but now he hastened to where the Jew lay motionless, but breathing heavily. After stooping over the fallen man for a few moments, Arthur said:—



"'I LEND NO MONEY ON A GAMBLER'S BOND'"

"You've punished him pretty severely. I think you had better leave him now and get back to your hotel, and I will come and talk things over in an hour or two."

As soon as Richard had left, Arthur with some difficulty raised the still unconscious Jew on to the sofa, and then going to his bedroom he returned with a cloth and wiped the blood away from the wounded man's face. He seemed in no hurry to bring him to, and presently, opening the window, he left the room, closing the door behind him. Going into the drawing-room he rang for his valet, and when he appeared he told him that his cousin and Mr. Woolf had come to blows, and the latter was badly hurt, and desired him to fetch a medical man at once.

The valet returned with a doctor in about half-an-hour, and they both went into the dining-room. Arthur Chiltern was sitting beside the prostrate man bathing his face with cold water.

The doctor's countenance grew very grave directly his eyes fell on Woolf's face. He felt his pulse, pressed back the eyelids, then turning to Arthur said:—

"I can do nothing—the man is dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Arthur.

"Yes, dead. How did it happen?"

Then Arthur explained what had occurred.

"A nasty business," replied the Doctor. "You had better inform the authorities at once; there is nothing to be gained by delay," and so saying, the medical man took his leave.

When the doctor had departed Arthur said to his man:—

"You had better go down to Scotland Yard, James. Take my card and say I would like to see one of their inspectors. Don't hurry, as I want to think what is best to be done under these awful circumstances."

As soon as his man had departed, Arthur locked the door of the dining-room, and hastening out of the house hailed a hansom and drove off to his cousin's hotel.

Dismissing the driver, he hurriedly sought Richard, who was in his room sitting near the window, while his servant Williams was pretending to tidy up the room—whilst in reality he was lingering to try and catch his master's eye and find out what was troubling him.

"Don't go, Williams," said Arthur, "your master is in deep trouble and will want your help"—then he broke the unhappy news to him as briefly as possible.

"Good God!" exclaimed Richard, as soon as he grasped the fell tidings. "Why it's murder, I suppose, but you are witness, Arthur, that I was fearfully provoked."

"Yes, my dear fellow, but that won't help us much. My advice is that you get away instantly. At a safe distance you can await events, but if they lay hold of you, it's bound to go hard with you."

"But I've got no money," groaned Richard.

"I'll lend you a couple of hundred pounds that will get you away. Now pull yourself together, I must get back before the police arrive."

Richard shuddered at the ominous name.

"Here's the money," Arthur continued, "and let me see, to-day's Thursday, the African steamer sails to-morrow, you had better go out to the Cape or Natal. Go steerage; pretend you're a farmer going away to try your fortune."

"But what about Ethel? She's coming back on Saturday," said Richard, as he passed his hand across his dazed brow.

"I'll look after her—you'll do more good by getting away than staying. Now I must be off, and remember that as soon as the police have visited my rooms they will, I think, get a warrant out for your arrest, so whatever you do must be done immediately; every minute you remain here jeopardises your chance of escape. Now, Williams, rouse your master up and remember all I've told you," Arthur said, addressing his cousin's faithful retainer. "By-the-bye, you must write us

when you get there, Natal or wherever you go to; to whom can you address the letter? Williams, have you any people your master would be safe in sending the letter to?"

"How would my brother do, sir? He keeps the public at Greenley."

"Just the thing; now I must go. Good-bye, Richard, cheer up, man, and make the best use of your time."

The two cousins shook hands and Arthur hurried from the room, jumped into the first hansom that came along, and, wiping the perspiration from his brow, muttered "thank goodness that's settled."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BEARER OF ILL NEWS.

ARTHUR CHILTERN got back to his rooms some little time before his valet returned with the police officer, and they found him in the drawing-room awaiting their arrival.

"I suppose my man has informed you of the details of this sad business," said Arthur, addressing the inspector.

"He has given me the rough outlines, sir; but I shall feel obliged if you will tell me exactly what you know, and before we go on I must ask you to let me see the body."

"Come into the next room, will you?" Arthur replied. "I locked the door directly I sent my servant for you, as I thought you would prefer things being undisturbed," and so saying Arthur unlocked the dining-room door, and they all three entered.

When the inspector had examined the dead man's wounds, and entered notes thereof in his pocket-book, he turned to Arthur and invited him to proceed with his account of all that took place.

"Please relate everything, sir, even to the minutest incident that you can call to mind," said he.

Then Arthur recited the whole of the details as fully as he could remember, and spun the narration out as long as possible.

"But your cousin, when he left," remarked the officer, "did not know that the man was dead?"

"No," replied Arthur; "directly Mr. Woolf fell, I ran forward and found he was unconscious and breathing heavily. I pushed my cousin out of the room, telling him to go away, as I feared when Mr. Woolf recovered his senses there might be another scene."

"What was the doctor's name and address?" queried the inspector.

"Pon my word I didn't think of asking. What was his name, James?" said Arthur, turning to his servant.

James gave the required information, and the inspector, entering it amongst his other notes, rose, saying:—

"I will take charge of the deceased's valuables and pocket-book," which he did, and then he continued: "I must see this doctor, sir, and then it will be my duty to arrest Mr. Richard Chiltern on the evidence you have given me pending the inquest, which will be held in due course. I need hardly say that you will be required to give evidence, and I will give instructions for the body to be removed at once. Where is Mr. Richard Chiltern staying?"

"At the Grey Friars Hotel in the Strand," answered Arthur.

"Thank you, sir; and now I will wish you good morning," and the inspector buttoned up his coat and withdrew with James, who showed him out.

When the officer had departed Arthur called James into him again and desired him to bring him a "Bradshaw," and he turned up the trains to Hexton, where Richard's wife was then staying.

"I have some very important business in the country, James," said his master; "and as this unhappy affair will probably require my presence in town in a few days and keep me here, perhaps, some time, I had better get away as soon as I can. I may tell you in strict confidence that I am going down to Hexton to break the sad news to Mrs. Richard, as the police will probably arrest Mr Richard Chiltern before many hours are over. So you can put a few things in my bag I shall try to be back to-morrow night, and if the police ask you where I am you can tell them I've gone away for a day on urgent private business."

"Very good, sir," replied James, "and begging your pardon, sir, I think it very thoughtful to go to the poor lady, as she's bound to hear the news soon, for those confounded newspapers won't be long before they get hold of it and then it will be all over the country in a few hours."

So James packed his master's bag, and in half-an-hour Arthur was on his way to Euston.

When he arrived at Durham he had to change to get on the local line for Hexton. Whilst he was waiting for his train the local evening paper was being called out by one of the book-stall boys. Arthur's attention was caught at once by the leading line, which was being shouted with all the force of the urchin's lungs, "'Orrible Tragedy in London. Gentleman murdered."

Giving the lad a copper Arthur rapidly turned the paper over till he caught the bold headline set in the largest type.

The news was only a brief telegram, with little further than the announcement made by the boy, save that the names of the dead man and the supposed murderer were given, the latter somewhat incorrectly as Richard Childam.

In another hour Arthur had arrived at Hexton and walked the short distance to Ethel's mother's house. Ethel had only met Arthur two or three times previously and although, perhaps, it would be incorrect to say she evinced a dislike to him, she certainly felt something very near akin to it whenever he was near her. It may be supposed, therefore, that when the servant informed her that her husband's cousin was in the drawing-room to see her she felt that something was wrong, and it was with a certain amount of trepidation that she entered the room to see him.



"TELL ME QUICKLY, ARTHUR, IF YOU HAVE BAD NEWS!"

He rose to meet her as she advanced, saying, "I suppose you wonder at my coming to see you?"

One glance at his face told her woman's heart that there was trouble in store.

"What is it?" she gasped. "Is anything the matter with Ritchie? Tell me quickly Arthur, if you have bad news."

"Sit down first," he replied, taking her hand and leading her to a sofa; then when she was seated he went on, "Now you must be brave and don't give way."

"Quick! quick! tell me quickly!" she cried.

"He is quite well, physically, in mind and body."

"Thank God! I thought he was dead," she said. "Now go on, I don't mind what else is wrong if he is well."

Then with more gentleness than might have been credited him he related once more all the sorry trouble which had befallen his cousin since his wife's departure. Ethel sat through it all without uttering a word, save that now and then a sigh of deepest despair escaped her parched and quivering lips.

When Arthur had finished she rose, trembling in every limb.

"I must go to him at once, Arthur, oh my darling Ritchie, my own dear husband, to think he is in all this trouble and I not near to bear it with him. What is the next train to London, Arthur?" And she stood before him wringing her hands in abject despair, with the tears coursing down her blanched cheeks.

"You cannot go to-night, Ethel, it is impossible," Arthur answered; "besides, it would do no good; you could not see him, if he has got away, as no doubt he now has."

"Oh dear! oh dear! my darling," she cried pitifully, and then she tottered forward, and Arthur caught her, and placing her again on the sofa rang the bell for help.

## CHAPTER IV.

### EXILED.

BENJAMIN WILLIAMS, or old Ben, as he was familiarly called in the servants' hall, and even by his master and mistress behind his back, was one of the past order of servants now rarely met with. He had just completed his fiftieth year, and although the adjective old was used almost as term of affection, he bore his years with vigour, and was still as active as many a man ten years his junior. Ben had spent all his life in the Chiltern family from the early days of his youth, when, as a youngster, he had first donned the uniform of buttons. He had graduated quietly upwards, and had served Richard's father as valet and nurse during his last illness. During Richard's early childhood Ben had fallen into the position of major-domo, and the young heir had by degrees come to look upon him as a personal friend. As time went on Ben's association with his young master grew still more intimate; it was Ben who first taught him to ride the old pony in the thick, grassy paddock, and taught him to throw a fly in the babbling trout stream which flowed through the Grange meadows.

Some little time before Richard's father died Ben had taken to himself a wife, and had been given the cottage at the entrance-gates, known as the lodge, for residence. When his little boy was born his wife died. Ben's boy had been brought up by the gardener's wife with her own children, and grew up into a strong, merry-natured youngster. When he was old enough he went into the stables, where his love of horses gave him suitable employment. When Richard Chiltern went to Oxford young Joe went with him, and it was not till after his master's marriage, and the establishment at The Grange was reduced, that Joe took a situation in London.

Directly Arthur Chiltern left his cousin at the Grey Friars Hotel on the

morning of the death of Spencer Woolf, Ben softly left the sitting-room, and went into his master's bedroom to think the position out.

"I must get him off at once," muttered Ben to himself. "I wish I could go with him, but I can't. I must stay and see after the poor mistress. And yet I am afraid of what might happen to him if he goes away like this; there's no telling what he might do to himself."

For some minutes Ben sat in deep thought, then, springing up, he rushed from his master's bedroom up the stairs to his own, and rapidly unlocking his clothes-box, turned the contents out pell-mell on the floor until he reached the bottom, where his fingers found what they were searching for.

It was an old-fashioned oak casket, brass bound, which he used as his cash-box. Fitting the key into the lock he turned the contents out on to his bed. The box contained only a few letters and mementoes of his dead wife besides a little wash-leather bag; this he untied and poured the contents into his hand, it contained ten five-pound notes and thirty-eight sovereigns; taking up the notes and adding ten of the sovereigns to them he returned the rest to the bag and, putting the things back into his box, left the room.

Ben had always been of an economical and saving turn of mind and the good wages he had received had been carefully put by and banked at the country bank at Greenley. The box he had just visited contained more than he usually kept by him, and it was fortunate, so the good fellow thought, that he had put off banking it.

Hurrying back to his master he roused him out of the state of lethargy in which he was plunged.

"We must not waste the precious time, sir," began Ben, "Mr. Arthur has been gone over ten minutes and you must leave here without delay."

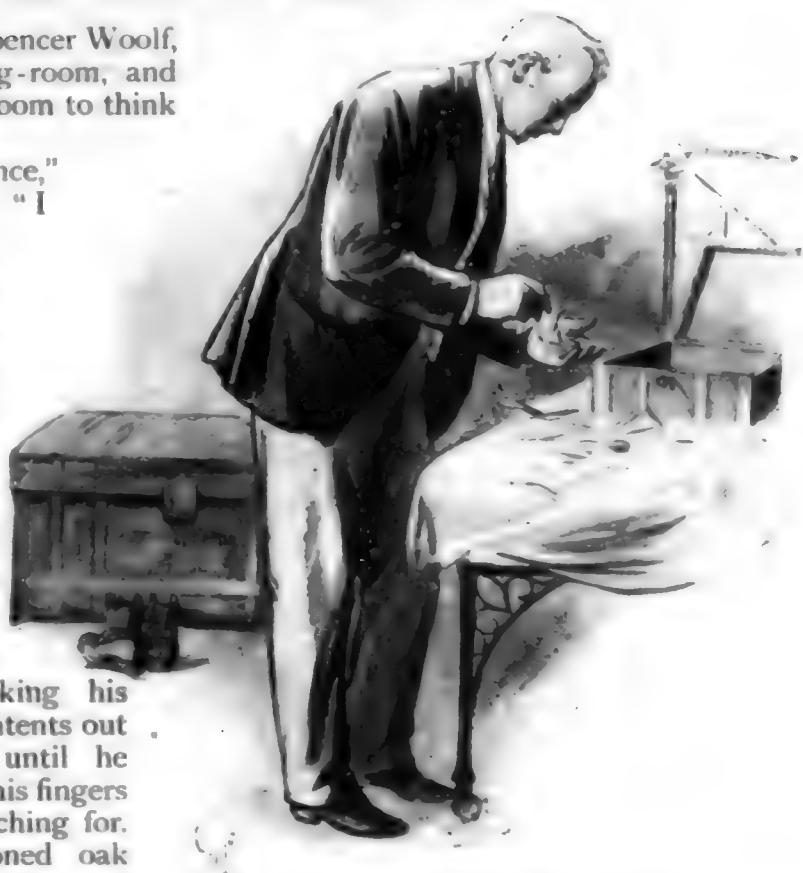
Richard Chiltern raised his bowed head and looked at his servant as though scarcely understanding him.

"That's right, sir," went on Ben, "pull yourself together, think of the mistress." Ben touched the right chord, for he had scarcely uttered his advice before his master jumped up and drawing a deep sigh, turned towards him saying:—

"You're right Ben, there's no use being caught like a rat in a trap, I'll make a struggle for freedom."

"I've thought out a plan, sir," said Ben, as he led the way into the bedroom. "To begin with you must change your clothes as quickly as possible and put on this tweed suit, and while your dressing I'll pack up a few things and tell you what I've thought."

Suiting the action to his words, Ben began to fill a large portmanteau, continuing his conversation at the same time.



"POURED THE CONTENTS INTO HIS HAND"

"I think Mr. Arthur's advice good," he went on, "and you must get away to Australia or Africa, or anywhere that you can find a vessel sailing at once for. You see, sir, when they come here to look for you I will keep them hanging about as long as I can, by telling them you are out, and I am expecting you back any time. Of course, when they find you don't return, they will begin to hunt about, but if I can only keep them quiet till late in the evening I hope and trust you will by then be safely away. There's one other matter I wish I could know settled for certain and then I should feel easier about you."

"What's that Ben?" asked his master.

"I'll tell you later on, sir, and now we must be off. You must take your over-coat," and so saying, Ben locked the bedroom door and they left the hotel. As far as they could tell, nobody seemed to notice their departure; and as soon as they got out into the Strand they turned Citywards. "Now, sir, I want you to walk on quietly and never take any notice of me, go straight on slowly till you come to Ludgate Station, then go into Spiers and Pond's dining-room and have some luncheon; by the time you've finished I shall be there."

"All right Ben," replied Richard Chiltern, "you've got some scheme in your head, so I won't bother you now by asking what it is, but do as you say," and with a hopeful nod Richard walked on. Immediately he was lost amongst the crowd, Ben crossed the road to where a hansom was standing. Jumping in he gave the driver his instructions, adding, "Drive like blazes, two shillings extra if you're there in fifteen minutes."

As Ben is whirled along it may be well to here give the reason for his strange procedure.

The question that was still worrying him was this—he wanted someone to go away with his master and look after him; he couldn't go himself, and now he was driving to his son Joe, well knowing that if he was fortunate enough to catch him Joe would follow his old master to the end of the world, and old Ben felt that if his boy was with him Mr. Chiltern would have a faithful and cheerful companion always at hand. "If Joe is only in," poor Ben kept murmuring as he fidgetted about in the fast moving hansom. Joe was engaged at a large horse dealer's near the British Museum, and it was with the hope of finding him at hand that Ben had brought the sixty pounds with him to pay his passage, so he could accompany his master.

Stopping the cab some little distance from his destination, Ben paid the fare, adding the promised gratuity; then hastening onward he turned into the stable-yard. Fortune was evidently with him, for he almost ran into his son's arms.

"Hullo, father," cried the astonished Joe, "what's up?"

"Joe, my lad, take me up into your room," said the panting man.

"Come on then. Here, give me that bag," and Joe caught hold of the portmanteau and turned into the coach-house, mounting the steep stairs two at a time, his father following.

"Now then, out with it," said Joe, as he sat down on his bed.

"It's sad trouble we're in, Joe," said his father; and then he related as rapidly and shortly as he could the story which the reader knows. As he went on to give his reasons for Joe's departure, the latter pulled a large hold-all bag from under his bed, and, going to his box which contained his wardrobe, he tumbled the contents of his wardrobe into the bag, pressing in as much as it would hold.

Throwing off the stable-jacket he had on, he put on a coat, and throwing a great coat over his arm, he snatched up his bag.

"Come on, dad, you can tell me the rest as we go along." And so father and son went down into the yard.

"Go outside and call a cab," said Joe, "while I tell the clerk in the office that I am going away on private family business."

In a couple of minutes Joe joined his father, and they drove off.

"Here's sixty pounds, Joe, and directly you get on board send me a line to Uncle Tom at Greenley, giving the name of the vessel and where you're going to;" and then old Ben gave his son his advice as to what was to be done, for he intended to return at once to the hotel when he had seen his master safely off with Joe, as he deemed it too risky to stay away longer than he could help in case the police got suspicious, dearly as the faithful fellow would have loved to see his boy and the master safe on board their vessel.

When they got to Ludgate Station they dismissed their cab, and Ben sought his master. He was waiting for him. "Why, Ben, you look quite joyful," said Richard Chiltern, "what's the matter, man?"

"Well, you see, sir," replied Ben, "time was so short, that I was almost afraid I mightn't manage it. But thank God I did."

"Whatever do you mean, my dear fellow?"

"Of course, I didn't tell you, did I? Why, I've been after Joe, sir, and he's going with you. He's longing to travel and see foreign parts."

While they were speaking they had moved outside the station. There stood Joe as calm and unconcerned as though the matter in hand were an everyday occurrence. He touched his hat to his old master.

"This is too much, Ben," said Mr. Chiltern in a choked voice, "I cannot allow this sacrifice on Joe's part, deeply as I feel the goodness of both of you, and your desire to help me. No, no, it must not be."

"Well, sir," said Joe, touching his hat again, "there ain't no sacrifice about me; in fact, it 'ud be the kindest thing you could do to take me with you. What with nothing to do, and all day to do it in, I'm about tired of this played out old country. If you'll give me a chance, sir, you'd maybe find me useful and, if not, why you can give me notice when we get there."

Richard Chiltern shook his head in answer to Joe's outburst of eloquence.

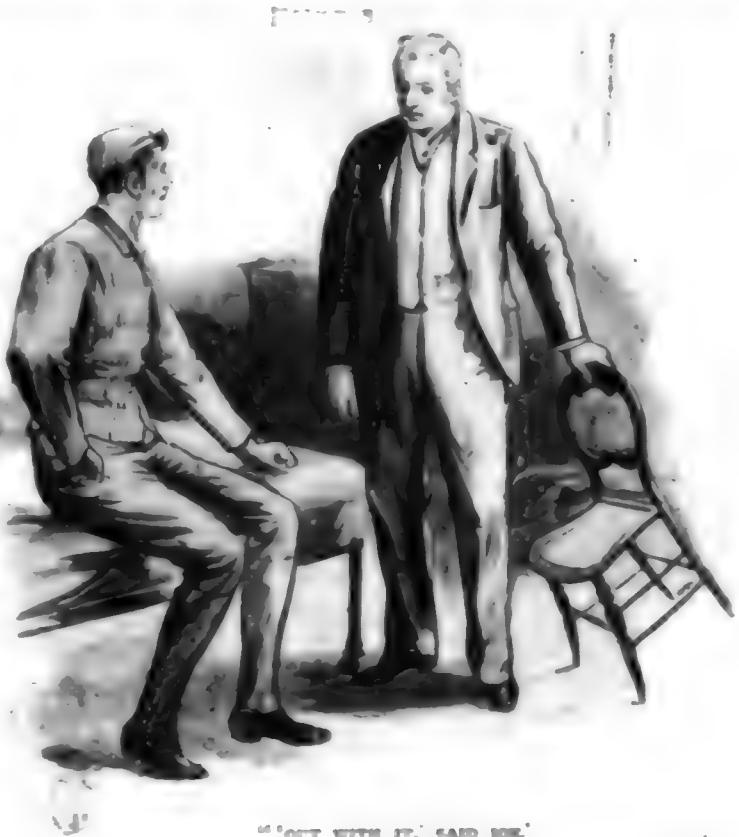
"All right, sir, I'll be a stowaway, and when you see me hauled up out of the hold all covered in irons, and heaved overboard, or shot, or whatever they do to those poor devils, you'll feel sorry you didn't give me a fair chance. Anyhow," and here Joe approached, and thrust his face close to Mr. Chiltern's in his eagerness, "anyhow, sir, go I do, so there's no more to be said."

Evidently there was nothing more to say, for Richard Chiltern, with what looked suspiciously like a tear glistening in the corner of his eye, wrung Joe's hand.

"Thank'ee, sir," said Joe, jerking his finger towards his hat again.

Then Mr. Chiltern turned towards Ben.

"It is to be, I suppose, Ben," said he. "So



"'OCT WITH IT,' SAID JOE.'

be it. Now, hear my promise: whatever happens, through good or ill, riches or poverty, Joe and I will share each other's lot equally, like brothers."

"Hooray, sir, that's more like it! Now, father, wish us luck, and throw an old boot at me," cried the excited Joe, with some hazy recollections of a wedding running through his mind.

"I shall write Mrs. Chiltern to-night, Ben, as soon as we have settled our destination, and the name of the ship we are going in. I will address it to your name at the Charing Cross Post-office, where you can call for it, and hand it yourself to her. At the same time I will write you any instructions I may think of. I don't know what you will do—Mr. Arthur said he would take care of her. I might as well be dead for all the help I can give. Good Heavens! to think I must leave her like this. Good-bye, Ben, my true old friend!" And grasping the honest hand of his old servant, Richard Chiltern turned away.

"Now then, dad, perk up and never say die; I'll look after him," and shaking his father's hand vigorously, Joe turned, and picking up his own and his master's bags, beckoned a cab, put his luggage on top, and stood with the door open for his master to enter. He was about to shut the door and mount beside the driver, when Richard Chiltern told him to get in with him.

"Thank'ee, sir; but where shall I tell him to drive to?" whispered Joe.

"Ah! I had forgotten we don't know yet where we're going. Tell him to go to the Union Steamship Company, in Leadenhall Street, Joe."

As the cab drove off Joe thrust his head out of the window and waved a last farewell to his father, and then sat down quietly to await events.

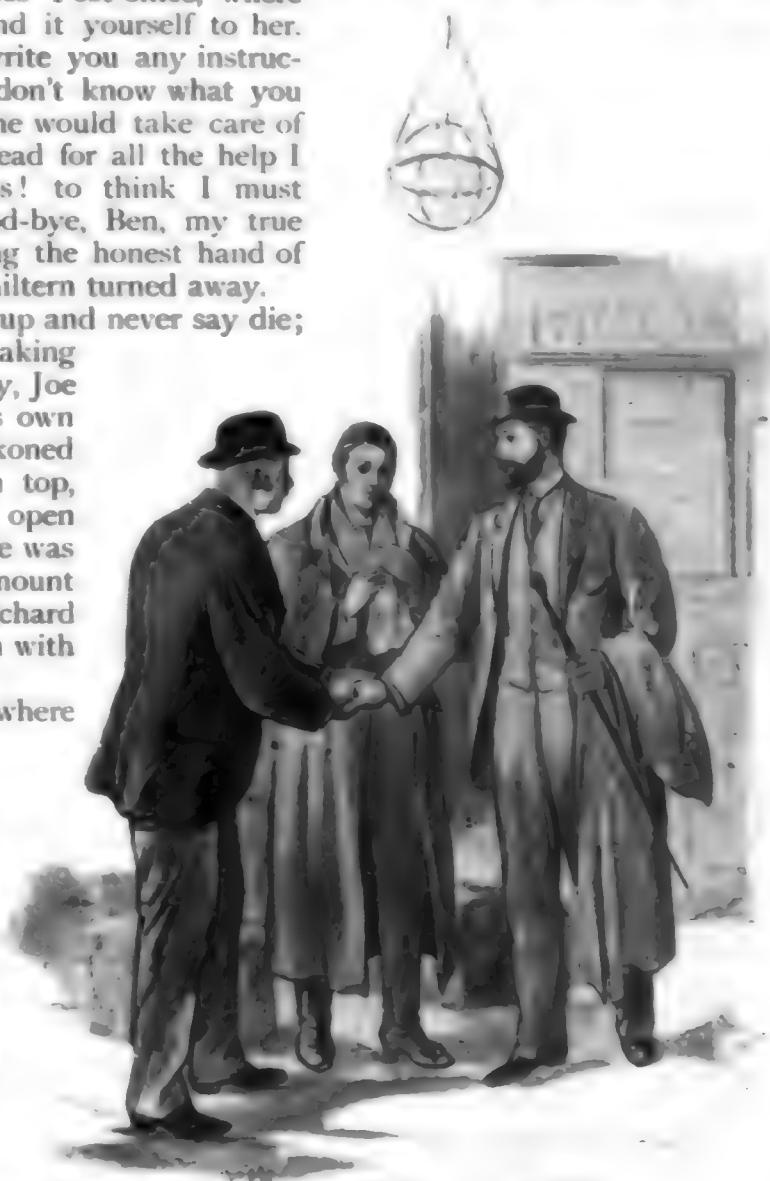
For some time they drove on in silence, then Mr. Chiltern roused himself.

"Joe," he began, "I think we had better try and find a sailing vessel sailing to-night if we can."

"Yes sir," replied Joe interrogatively; his hand was going upwards again, when Mr. Chiltern took hold of his arm.

"You must stop that now, Joe, and drop the sir," he said; "in future we're brothers, if your care to call a murderer your brother," bitterly.

"Right you are, s——, I mean——" Here the comical expression on Joe's countenance was so ludicrous that his companion could not refrain a slight smile.



"GOOD-BYE, MY TRUE OLD FRIEND

"Call me Richard, Joe; you must call me something you know, and we may as well begin as we are to go on. We'll be brothers in name as well as in deed. In future I'm Richard Williams. You see," Richard went on, "when the police find I don't turn up they will be telegraphing all over the place to find me, and if we go by steamer she will probably put in at Southampton or Plymouth, and we'll have all our trouble for nothing."

"Yes, sir—Richard I mean."

"Whereas, if we can catch a sailing vessel that's off to-night we stand a good chance of getting away."

So it was arranged, and when they arrived at the Union Company's office they made enquiries, but there was no vessel owned by them to suit, so they drove to another Company and then to another. At last, when almost giving up their search in despair, they found the very thing they wanted.

The good ship, *Southern Cross*, barque rigged, A1, was sailing that night's tide from the West India Docks for West Australia. "There's just two berths," said the clerk who took their passage money, "and you'll grub with the Captain. Here's your tickets, and you'd better take the next train from Fenchurch Street, as the vessel will go out of dock at high water, that's six o'clock." There was just time when they got on board for Richard to write his letters to Ethel and Ben, and he had scarcely addressed the envelope before Joe ran into the cabin to say that they were commencing to leave the dock.

## CHAPTER V.

### OLD BEN PLAYS HIS PART.

WHEN Ben returned to the hotel he found the inspector looking out for him. One of the waiters came up as he entered, and pointing to a man seated on a chair in the entrance said: "This gentleman is waiting to see you."

As the waiter spoke the inspector rose and came towards them.

"Are you Mr. Richard Chiltern's servant?" he asked.

Ben replied in the affirmative.

"Can I have a few words with you, privately?" the inspector went on.

"What about?" answered Ben.

"It concerns Mr. Chiltern."

"Certainly," replied Ben. "Come upstairs."

When they were in the sitting-room the inspector closed the door and turning to Ben asked how long his master had been out, and if he knew when he would be back.

"He's been out some time now," said Ben; "he may be back any minute, or perhaps he may not be back for some hours; he didn't say where he was going. Do you want to see him personally?"

"Yes, on very urgent private business."

"Well, you'd better sit down and wait a bit."

And so the officer seated himself, and Ben gave him the morning paper to pass the time. When a couple of hours had gone the inspector began to fidget about, and the next time Ben entered the room he remarked that Mr. Chiltern was a long time returning.

"Well, you see," said Ben, flicking some dust off one of the chairs, "he's got nothing much to do in the hotel, but he'll be back, no doubt, by dinner-time. P'raps you'd like to leave a note or call again."

"No, no; I'll wait a bit longer," answered the inspector.

When, however, a further couple of hours had passed, and the afternoon was getting late, the inspector grew more and more restless, and as Ben hadn't looked him up recently he went in search of him, but as Ben was at that time enjoying

a cup of tea in the servants rooms the officer was foiled in his search for a time, and it was getting on to six o'clock before Ben made his appearance.

"No sign of your master yet, Mr.—Mr.—"

"Williams, sir, is my name," said Ben, in reply to the implied question.

"Thank you. Well, Mr. Williams, I wish you could tell me when Mr. Chiltern will be back."

"I wish I could," replied the artful Ben, "but you know I told you he was a very uncertain gentleman; however, if he isn't in before seven to dinner I'm afraid you'll have to leave seeing him till to-morrow, for if he dines out, he's sure to be late."

"Oh!" grumpily returned the other.

Just then the newsboy who had the privilege of providing the hotel with the evening papers, rushed in, and threw down the usual supply.

"Here boy!" said Ben, holding out a copper, "give me a *News*." Then turning to the inspector, he remarked, "you'd better come upstairs again now you've waited so long; shall I get you a cup of tea?"

"No thanks, but I'll come up and wait till dinner time."

When Ben had lighted the gas, and drawn the blinds, he picked up the paper he had just bought, and glanced over the leading items.

"Another strange murder, I see. Hallo, Good Heavens! what's this?" Then going closer to the gas he read on, muttering to himself, whilst he mastered the short paragraph referring to the death of Spencer Woolf. When he had finished he plumped down into the nearest chair, and threw the paper on the table.

It was a clever piece of acting, and if the inspector had any doubts that he was being fooled—and he hadn't—it would have quite taken him in.

"What's the matter, Mr. Williams?" asked the officer. "Bad news?"

"It's a lie," gasped Ben. "There, see what they say! Mr. Chiltern is accused of murder."

The inspector took up the paper, and when he had glanced at the news he looked over to Ben.

"It's pretty correct," he replied, tapping the paper.

"Eh! What do you mean?" shouted Ben.

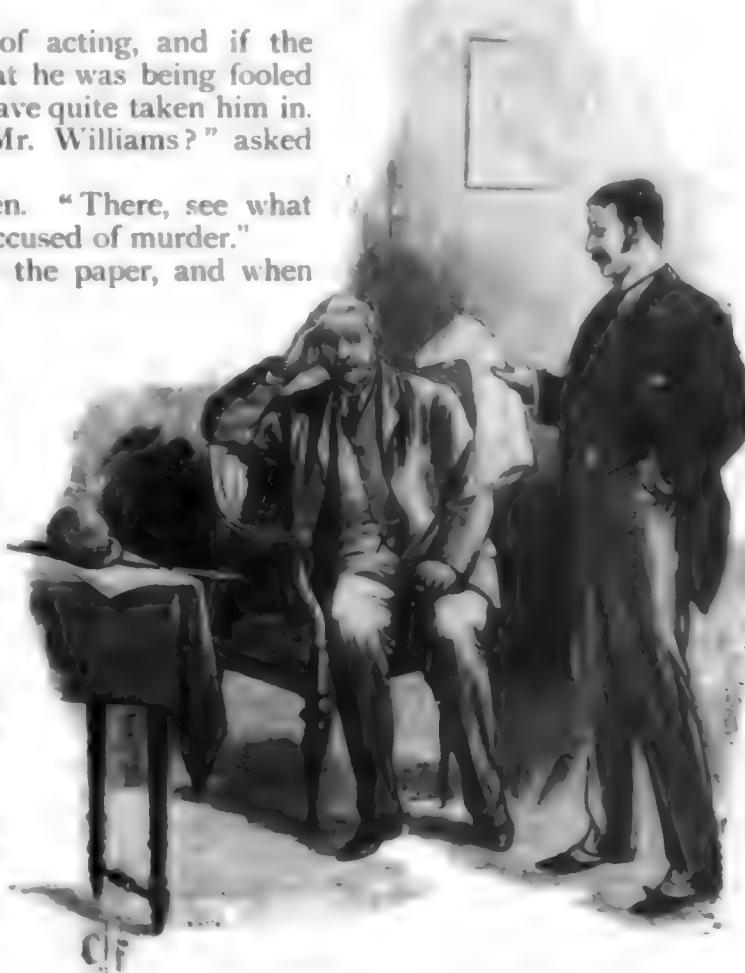
"Just this. Your master came to blows at his cousin's rooms this morning with Mr. Woolf and killed him."

"How do you know this?"

"That's the business I'm here about. I come from Scotland Yard."

"Well, I say it's false," said Ben, jumping up; "it isn't murder if he killed the man accidentally in a fair fight."

"No, of course not," said the officer, "but it's



"THE INSPECTOR TOOK UP THE PAPER"

next door to it. Anyhow, it's devilish awkward. I wonder where he's got to."

"Thrown himself into the river, p'raps," suggested Ben; "he's dreadfully out of sorts, and has been for days."

"Oh no, he hasn't done that; he didn't know he killed the man, but he'll know by now, as he's bound to see it in the papers, so I must just wait on."

But, needless to say, although the inspector stopped at the hotel all that night, every minute carried his intended victim farther away from him.

As far as the general public was concerned, it was the usual nine days' wonder. The formal inquest was held, and the jury returned the only verdict that was possible with the evidence before them: "Murder against Richard Chiltern." And although the police did their best, and some of the papers went into long diatribes on the imbecility of Scotland Yard in general, and their success, or rather want of success, in this case in particular, no tidings were unearthed of the whereabouts of the missing man, who had vanished as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

Old Ben played his part well, and when he had obtained the letter from the post-office advising him of his master's safe escape he felt almost happy. True, there was his beloved mistress to comfort, and he determined that henceforth his life should be devoted to her welfare.

## CHAPTER VI.

### ETHEL FACES HER TROUBLES.

WHEN Ethel recovered consciousness, and the servants had left them, Arthur explained the arrangements he had suggested which he trusted would lead to his cousin's escape; to all of which poor Ethel listened with the dumbness of utter despair.

"You see," he went on, "when he gets settled you can go out to him, whereas if he had stayed he would ere now have been arrested, and who knows what might be the result."

"And now," moaned Ethel, "he must bear the brand of Cain to his grave; my poor darling, who would never have hurt a mouse in cold blood. Oh, it's too terrible, too terrible."

Then, after a while, he induced her to go to her bedroom and lie down, promising to take her to London the next day if she were able to stand the journey.

Next morning when Ethel came downstairs the dark rings round her eyes and the drawn lines about her mouth told of the sleepless night of misery she had passed; but the nervousness of the previous evening had given place to the calmness of hopelessness. Arthur augured well from the absence of further news, and he assured Ethel that Ben would have telegraphed to her if Richard had been arrested. This was a poor salve, however, for the aching heart of the grief-stricken girl who was by his side.

"You said, Arthur, that Ritchie would write directly he had settled where he was going to," Ethel remarked; "now all I live for is to receive that farewell letter from my dear one. Then I shall feel he is safe and free; till then I can think of nothing, do nothing, and the sooner you take me to London the sooner I shall receive it. So humour me, Arthur, and start by the earliest train."

As Arthur was himself desirous of returning to town without delay, Ethel bade her mother farewell and they caught the early morning train. It was too early for the London papers to reach their neighbourhood yet, but at Durham he secured one, after he had placed Ethel in the waiting-room. He rapidly ran through the report of the case, but it was only an enlargement of the previous evening's news; there was nothing fresh, and if the police had found out anything further they had kept it to themselves. He did not retain the paper, but purchased some illustrated

journals to while away the journey, and fortunately Ethel was too full of her own sad thoughts to notice the omission.

When they arrived in town, Arthur drove with Ethel to the Charing Cross Hotel where he ordered a private room for her and persuaded her to rest herself while he went in search of Ben, who he found disconsolately perusing the morning paper at the Grey Friars.

Ben had already received his master's letter announcing the safe departure of himself and Joe, and when Arthur had read it, he congratulated Ben on the promptitude and skill he had shown in getting him away and the thoughtfulness of sending Joe with him.

"How about the police Ben? Have they been here this morning?"

"Yes sir, I think they're watching the place; but since the inspector's departure early this morning I haven't seen any of them up here."

"We must be careful how we act, Ben, and whatever you do don't let them think we know where he's gone; once they got an inkling they'd soon

find out what ship he'd sailed in. Now I'm going straight to my rooms, and then I shall return to Mrs. Chiltern. You can visit your mistress directly I'm gone, and if you meet our friend the inspector or any of his comrades make no mystery of where you're going; in fact, you can go out of your way to inform them that I have brought your mistress to London, as I expected they would have arrested her husband ere now, and she wished to be near him. This will, perhaps, lead them to still consider we know nothing of my cousin's whereabouts. One thing more, Ben; burn that letter you have directly Mrs. Chiltern has read it. I suppose she won't burn



"I CAN NEVER THANK YOU"

her's, but you must warn her that she must put it away so no one may see it. If the police get hold of either of those letters all is lost."

With this last injunction Arthur Chiltern left Ben, who after waiting a few minutes started off to visit his mistress. With Arthur's words still in his mind Ben didn't trouble to notice if he was followed or not, and bustling along he soon came to the hotel his mistress was staying at, and in answer to his knock he heard her low "Come in."

"Oh, Ben! I'm so glad it's you! I've been wishing so much to hear the last news of your dear master from your own lips. How did he bear it, Ben? This awful, awful business."

Good old Ben's heart ached to see the pain and misery which one short day

had wrought in his beloved mistress's face, and at first he could scarcely gulp down the lump which suddenly rose in his throat.

"Come and sit down here, Ben," said Ethel, pointing to a chair; "I know you feel for us with all your heart."

Then Ben, in a quiet and subdued voice, related the manner of his master's departure, and when he had finished he handed his mistress first his own letter and then the one addressed to her. Rising from his seat he went to the window and turned his back to her with true and innate delicacy of feeling whilst she read it. He could hear her quietly sobbing as she perused the letter, and the sound seemed to affect Ben's power of vision, for he furtively pressed his finger once or twice into the corner of his eyes as though there was something unusual there. After awhile, however, Ethel mastered her grief and called to Ben.

"Come here, Ben." And when he had seated himself in the chair close beside her, she put out her hand, and clasping the hand of the man who had so long and faithfully served her dearest husband, she said, "Ben, I can never, never thank you for all you have done for us. My poor husband writes me that without your aid he would never have got away, and you sent your son Joe to take care of him, and—and—"

Here the poor girl broke down again, and laying her head on Ben's shoulder sobbed as though her heart was breaking. Ben did his best to soothe her, but that lump made his voice sadly gruff and uncontrollable. However, presently she quieted her tears, and these two sat and talked over the past and the future, and it was arranged that they should return to The Grange, and after a few days' quiet and rest Mrs. Chiltern should write and ask her husband's solicitor to come down and tell her how matters stood with regard to her husband's money affairs. Later on, when Arthur returned, he agreed that this was the best course to be pursued, and so next day Ben packed up all his mistress's belongings, and he and his mistress returned to their home at Greenley.

When the lawyer came down Ethel found that her husband had indeed impoverished his inheritance. When the interest on his debts were paid there might remain at the most a couple of hundred pounds a year for Ethel. But the lawyer suggested she might let the house for several hundred a year more, and in this case she would have sufficient to live quietly on.

Ethel bravely faced the inevitable, although it cut her to the heart to leave the house where she had spent the two happiest years of her life. So it was settled, and the solicitor promised to set about obtaining a tenant for The Grange as soon as possible.

## CHAPTER VII.

### OUTWARD BOUND.

JOE soon proceeded to make things snug for himself and his master in the tiny cabin which was the only passenger accommodation on board the *Southern Cross*. As the vessel was warped up to the dock gates a fussy little tug, which was blowing off such a superabundance of waste steam, that it made one wonder how she could hold so much and not burst, sent her tow line on board the *Southern Cross* and drew the latter out into the river; then with a succession of ear-splitting shrieks from the tug's steam whistle, the two vessels slowly veered round bows down stream, the rope tautened and the voyage was begun.

Richard Chiltern had introduced himself and Joe to the Captain as Richard and Joe Williams when they first came on board. Captain Groves was too busy in working his ship out of dock to pay much attention to the two passengers who had arrived at the eleventh hour of departure, but an hour or so after they had started, and matters on deck were being got ship-shape, he conceived that, perhaps, he

had been somewhat short in his welcome, and proceeded to correct any such impression by waiting on them himself to see how they were settling down.

Captain Groves at first sight gave one the impression that he was somewhat broader than he was long; this little peculiarity wore off on nearer inspection and closer acquaintanceship. Now he rolled along the after deck and disappeared down the cabin gangway, which he had to negotiate sidewise, as the vessel had not been built to his measurement. The passengers' cabin opened off the main cabin, as did also the Captain's own cabin and the mate's. But whereas each of these latter had a cabin to themselves, Richard and Joe shared one between them. At the first glance Joe thought that the place that had been assigned to them was a cupboard to stow their clothes, but closer inspection revealed the fact, that what he had taken to be shelves were in reality their beds; there were, in addition, a little ewer for their ablutions, a cracked piece of looking-glass about three inches square, and a few brass hooks for hanging their clothes on. As it was impossible for two full-sized men to occupy this compartment, except when they lay on the shelves one over the other, Joe had taken his bag into the main cabin, and shooting the whole of its contents on to the table, was proceeding to re-arrange his belongings in the bag in the sequence in which he considered it likely he should require to use them.

It was at this juncture that Captain Groves arrived upon the scene. "Ah!" he exclaimed, in a rich, deep, if somewhat hoarse voice, "glad to see you making yourself comfortable. You'll find your cabin nice and cosy."

"Yes, I've no doubt about that," replied Joe, with a quiet smirk; "cosy's just the word for it in my opinion; why I was just thinking to myself what a comfortable arrangement it was to be able to shut the door, open the window—if that's the name for that peep-hole—hang your clothes up, and clean your teeth without getting out of bed; cosy, I should think it was, just."

The Captain looked at him with admiration.

"Besides," continued Joe, "there's the beds, the man that invented them must have made a lot of money out of 'em."

"Ah!" exclaimed the skipper, "you are referring to the bunks, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Joe. "Now they are so constructed that when you want to turn round you've got to get out to do it, so you can't get cramp, or nightmare, or oversleep yourself."

"I've never observed 'em in that light before," replied Captain Groves, the admiration deepening on his expressive visage at his passenger's power of observation.

"No," said Joe, glancing at the Captain's ample proportions, "you don't look as though you slept on a rail."



"'COSY, I SHOULD THINK IT WAS, JUST'

"Ha! ha!" laughed the other, in keen appreciation of Joe's witticism. "But where's your friend, your brother isn't he?"

"He's lying down for a bit;" and then approaching the Captain he added in a whisper, his face wrinkled in a smile, "he's practising the turning round business for to-night."

This set the skipper off again. "Ha! ha! Practising for to-night is he? Ha! ha!"

Richard had indeed been resting himself, for he had had no sleep the previous night, but he had heard every word that had just passed, and thinking it time to put in an appearance he opened the door as he lay and looked out.

"There you are, Captain, see that," exclaimed the irrepressible Joe, pointing at Richard; "isn't it cosy, that's all?"

This was too much for Richard who rose and came out.

"I just looked down to see if I could do anything for you," began the hospitable Captain. "We're in charge of the tug now, and the pilot's on duty, so I'm at your service if you want me."

"You're very good," replied Richard. "I think we shall soon shake down all right. Do you go to sea to-night, Captain?"

"Yes, the wind's fair, so we shall cast off the tug at Gravesend, and, if all's well, set full sail and be half way down the Channel this time to-morrow. Now I must go on deck. You've the run of the ship, gentlemen, and you'll maybe think it a pretty sight running down the river if you care to walk up on the quarter-deck. It's likely to be the last you'll see of the land too, at close quarters, for some three months or more."

When the Captain had departed Richard and Joe put on their top coats and followed him on deck. The thoughts of each dwelt on much the same topics as they leaned over the bulwarks watching the lights on shore, now beginning to twinkle in the falling gloom of night. Light-hearted Joe even was subdued, as he thought of his good old father left behind to battle with the difficulties that had so suddenly sprang up into his quiet life.

While who can surmise the harrowing thoughts of Richard Chiltern as he watched the land of his youth and manhood slowly dissolving away into the darkness, even as his evil passion had dissipated the happiness not only of his own life but his loving, innocent Ethel's. Then there was Ben, his faithful servant, and Joe. All this was on his soul as he gazed into the deepening shades of night, and he cursed his bitter recklessness, when all too late, for the evil he had wrought on all these innocent ones. Spencer Woolf's death also lay at his door, and although this deed lay the lightest on his conscience, yet it was this that had brought him to his present pass. And now he was a felon flying from justice, bankrupt in honour and purse, an outcast to the end of his days.

Joe, glancing in his master's direction, detected his listless dejected attitude and intuitively reasoned out its cause.

"I'll let him have another ten minutes," muttered Joe to himself, and when this allowance of time had elapsed as he guessed, he approached him with the remark that it was getting cold, and he thought they'd better go below.

"All right Joe, I'll be down in a minute or two," replied Richard with a deep drawn sigh.

But Joe was not to be put off, and lingered with his back against the rail until his master turned, and taking his arm without another word they returned to the cabin. Here everything was bright and cheerful in strong contrast to the gloom above. The steward was bustling about laying the table for supper. The lighted lamp swinging gently to and fro overhead and the little stove in the corner contributed light and heat which invited the new comers to cast aside their dulness and enjoy the cheery radiance.

Joe soon felt its influence, and was presently in conversation with the steward,

and in the course of a few minutes his enquiring mind had learnt all about the ship's business, how many crew she carried, how old she was and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Their chatter and the genial warmth of the cabin gradually also exerted a beneficial effect on Richard, and when Captain Groves came in shortly after, they were not allowed to return to sad thoughts—for the skipper was a sociable and loquacious soul, and when he laid aside his duties for the time being, his hearty laugh became infectious.

When the supper was ready the mate joined the party, and was duly introduced by his Captain. Mr. Tims was the exact opposite to Captain Groves in build, except that he was also short. Tough and wiry, he could stand any amount of fatigue, and nothing was ever known to upset his nerve. These two men had sailed together for many years, and although Tims had been offered the command of a similar vessel belonging to the same owners, he had declined the advancement. He had no kith or kin, he was wont to say, and had put by enough to keep him when he was too old to go to sea longer, so why should he leave his old friend Groves. He was a skilful navigator, and many a time had his Captain taken his judgment before his own when a knotty point had required promptly solving.

The wind held fair, as the skipper had prognosticated, and three days saw them clear of the Channel and heading south with a stern breeze and full sails.

During the voyage Richard and Joe held long and frequent arguments as to what they should turn their hands to when they arrived at their destination; usually the result arrived at was that they should go in for sheep and cattle farming, as their resources would permit of their starting that with a fair chance of success. Their long voyage was now drawing quickly to its close, for seventy days their good ship had encountered most favourable weather and they were all looking forward to sighting land within the next week. But a change was approaching, and on the following morning, when they turned out, the blue sky and fleecy clouds had vanished, and the heavens were hidden behind dull grey banks of vapour, which descended to within a few hundred yards all around them. As the morning wore on the



PLUNGED HEADFORENST INTO THE SEA.

wind rose and the storm broke. With almost bare poles, the gallant barque scudded before the tempest, still on her course, then the rain came down in torrents, and the day turned almost into night, save when a blinding flash of lightning illuminated the anxious faces and cruel sea, which seemed to come tearing after the little vessel as though it would roll over her stern, and bury them all in its anger.

So the second and third day came and went, and then the strength of the storm began to abate, and towards evening the worst was over. The sea subsided almost as rapidly as it had risen, but the heaviness above still continued, deepening as the evening advanced.

Richard and Joe were standing together near the man at the wheel, leaning over the bulwarks, watching the curling waves as they followed the ship, when a sudden gust of wind caught Joe's hat, and springing forward to save it, the vessel gave a lurch to the leeward, and Joe overbalancing himself disappeared over the side.

Richard Chiltern, knowing that Joe could swim but little, dashed at the nearest

life-belt, and cutting it loose cast it as far astern as he could pitch it; then telling the helmsman to send a boat after them as quickly as he could, he threw off his coat, and jumping on the bulwark, plunged head foremost into the sea.



"'I'M NOT GOING TO BEGIN NOW'"

at the fast disappearing barque he struck out vigorously in the opposite direction. From the deck of the ship the waves had appeared as pygmies to the mountains they seemed to Richard as he breasted the huge volumes of water. Still he kept on, keeping a sharp watch for any sign of poor Joe. Once he thought he saw him, and putting fresh power into his strokes he battled on, but as he neared the object he found it was the life-belt. Sharp though the disappointment was he did not despair, but thrusting his arm through one of the ropes battled doggedly onward. He was on the right course anyhow, and setting his teeth he continued as rapidly as he could. He had scarcely gone another dozen strokes when, on the top of the next wave, he saw an arm thrust out of the curling water, and plunging forward he held Joe firmly by his coat. The poor fellow was just conscious, and recognised his rescuer. Richard soon passed the life-belt under his arms, and then, holding on himself, floated quietly for awhile to recover his breath.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SOUTH SEA TRADERS.

WHEN Richard Chiltern came to the surface after his dive he could see nothing of Joe, so casting a glance over his shoulder

Rising and falling with the sea, Richard tried to pierce the pitchy darkness in the endeavour to find the whereabouts of their ship. But there was nothing visible on that waste of waters. Once he thought he noticed a bright flash of light somewhere near where he judged her to be, but when he rose on the next wave it was gone. Then he hallooed at the top of his voice again and again, but there was no answering echo. Fortunately Joe had not suffered much from his immersion, and so they were able to comfort each other in their forlorn position.

"I am afraid, Joe, they dare not launch a boat in this sea, and even if they did I hardly think they would find us a night like this."

"Then you've sacrificed yourself for no good, sir," answered Joe, bitterly. "Why didn't you wait for the boat?"

"Don't be silly, Joe. If I had fallen over would you have stopped for a boat? No! Here we are, and we must make the best of a bad job. If we can hold out till the morning Captain Groves will perhaps find us; anyhow, he'll have a try, I think. How are you feeling?"

"Well, sir, under the circumstances I'm pretty bobbish. That's a joke, sir. Don't you see it?"

"Hardly yet, Joe."

"Why; bob, bobbing, bobbish. It's not quite correct, sir, from a Board School stand-point, but from the middle of the rolling sea I thought it rather good."

"Well, you're a second Mark Tapley, Joe. It wants a good heart to joke in a predicament like this."

"I've never said die yet, sir—I suppose I can say sir out here, there's hardly likely to be anyone listening at the key-hole—and I'm not going to begin now."

"I would prefer Richard though, Joe; it sounds more brotherly," said his master.

"Did you see that over there!" exclaimed Joe, pointing away ahead. "It was like a blue gun-flash."

"No," replied Richard, "perhaps it's the ship burning blue lights, let us shout both together."

So they shouted again and again, but there was no answering call. Fortunately for their comfort the sea was growing gradually less rough, although the roll was still heavy. After many weary hours at last they observed the distant gleam of coming day, and as the light broadened they glanced round the horizon anxiously each time they rose on the billows in the hope of seeing the *Southern Cross*. Then the sun rose, and the breaking clouds let through his cheering rays, bringing the promise of a fine day; still they could discern nothing of their floating home.

"Are we in the usual track of vessels going to Australia?" asked Joe, and as he spoke he looked round behind them, then clutching Richard's shoulder he shouted out excitedly, "There she is, behind us."

Richard turned sharply about, and there, not above a mile away, was a vessel, with all her sails glistening in the sunlight, bearing straight down on them.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Richard, "we shall be saved after all." Then he added, "Let's wave something to attract their attention," and taking off his waist-coat he whirled it round his head.

The ship was rapidly nearing them, and Richard's experienced eye told him it was not the *Southern Cross*, for the approaching vessel was schooner rigged. Those aboard had evidently seen them, for they observed they were making preparations to lower a boat, and the schooner's head was put up into the wind. Then the boat was lowered, and in ten minutes Richard and Joe were hauled into the stern. The long exposure and the excitement of rescue had so prostrated both of them that they laid down at the bottom of the boat quite done up. The sailors carried them up on deck, and the captain of the schooner had a couple of beds made up for them in his own cabin, and there they were laid after they had each had a basin of boiling soup given them.

It was nearly noon of the next day before Richard Chitern awoke from his heavy slumber; for a few moments he did not realise where he was, then the recollection of the past two days dawned on him, and he leaned forward and peered over at Joe, who was still sleeping quietly alongside him. Then Richard lay back again and thought out their present position. The *Southern Cross* would report their loss when she arrived at her destination, and if this were left uncontradicted he and Joe would be dead to the world. Then the thought occurred that for himself this perhaps would be the best thing that could happen. Joe could write home to his father and say he was safe without mentioning anything about him, and there would be an end of it. His darling wife, Ethel, would in time overcome her grief at his loss; he would start afresh in life, and, if successful in his new home, he could send Joe home to her, and she could come out to him. If things did not, however, prosper with him, why then—then—he should never see her loving face again. Then he buried his face beneath the blanket, and, man though he was, sobbed bitterly. When his grief had subsided he went over his plot again and he determined to carry it through. He was still planning the matter out when Joe, after one or two stertorian yawns, sat up in his bunk.

"That's right Joe; how do you feel?" asked Richard.

Giving himself a shake, as though to ascertain if his bones were unbroken, he replied that he felt as right as a trivet, and without further palaver he rolled out of his berth. Their wet clothes had been dried, and returned together with an assortment of other garments, so that they had quite a choice of clothes.

While they were dressing Richard informed Joe of the plot he had decided to carry out. Joe ruminated over the matter for a while, and then said he thought it was a good idea, with the exception that he did not see why the mistress should not come out at once.

"I've thought of that, Joe, and it was the hardest point to decide on," replied Richard; "for, you see, I'm making her suffer and grieve over my supposed death. But I'm afraid it must be so, if we are ever to come together again. You see, probably the police will be watching her, and if she came to me they would track her. Whereas, if my death is believed by our own people, I shall be forgotten by all, and my crime will be blotted out."

When one of the seamen came in presently to see if they had awokened, they ascertained that the vessel they were on was the *Alice*, a little South Sea schooner now bound to the Friendly Islands, where she would be engaged for the next eight or twelve months in trading amongst the various islands. In relating their misfortunes to the Captain, Richard simply called the barque the *Cross*, omitting the first part of the vessel's name; but he need not have troubled to disguise her identity, for after six months the Captain and crew of the *Alice* had forgotten the name even which he had given her.

Fortunately both Richard and Joe had the balance of their money in their pockets, and although it amounted in all to only a little over two hundred pounds, yet it secured them the means now of making an honest penny.

Captain Bigge was the owner of the *Alice*, and for the past ten years he had been trading in these seas with more or less success. He was a sharp, shrewd fellow, scrupulously honest; he drove a bargain as hard as a Jew, but the bargain made was kept by him with the strictest exactitude. Richard soon grew to like the man, and the outcome of the matter was that he and Joe agreed to become partners with the Captain in the trading business. Captain Bigge had been looking out some time for a likely partner with a few hundred pounds. In explaining the method of his business Captain Bigge went into fuller details.

"The whole success," he began, "when you've got a ship and sufficient capital, is knowledge of the islands. I started this voyage from Sydney with an assorted cargo of trading stuff—cotton goods, hardware, trinkets, and a lot of odds and ends. These I swap at a dozen or oftener twenty or thirty different coast

villages at the islands. The natives know that I deal square and straight with them, and I time my visits pretty regularly; but there are others in the trade, and I often find when I arrive at some of my best places that another trader has just called before me, and I've got to go elsewhere; so with the voyage out and home and dodging about amongst the islands, I seldom do the round under nine to twelve months. Now if you're agreeable to join me I want you and your brother," nodding to Joe, "to stop at the chief island and open a sort of dépôt. I would leave you two of my men and the largest boat I've got and hand you over half of the trade goods I've got on board. These you could swop for native stuff, oil, rubber, pearls, gold dust, and so on—I can soon put you up to the value of these things. As soon as I get rid of the other half of my cargo, and with your money, I should be off to Sydney for a fresh lot of trade goods. Then when I return to you I should find you ready for me and valuable time would be saved, so much so that in six months hence, I believe I could make three voyages a year instead of the one I'm doing now, and our profits would accumulate so that I could buy more trading goods each trip."

"But do you think we could get the natives to trade with us all right?" asked Richard, in some doubt at the strange business he was to embark on.

"No trouble about that," answered the Captain, "if you've got the stuff to swop with them when they bring their goods down. Why directly the other islanders know you're there, they'll bring stuff along in their canoes and you and your brother can visit the nearest villages with one of your men and collect a lot of goods in the three months or so that I'm away."

So it was arranged that Richard and Joe were to have one half share and the Captain the other half in the trading business of the Alice, and ten days later they arrived at Kanapote, where in future Richard and Joe were to make their home.

## CHAPTER IX.

### ETHEL'S STRUGGLES.

WHEN the man at the wheel gave the alarm of Joe's and Richard's loss Captain Groves shortened sail, and, as soon as he could, put the *Southern Cross* about, but dare not lower a boat as she would have been swamped. Next morning he went back over his course as near as he could reckon and beat about the whole day until night again came on, then sorrowfully giving up all hope of finding his two passengers he continued his voyage, and duly reported the loss of Richard and Joe Williams to his owners' agents when he arrived in port.

When six months had elapsed and Ben had no letter from the exiles he wrote to the owners of the *Southern Cross* and received full details of the loss of his son Joe and Richard Chiltern. Ethel had let the Grange and had taken a little cottage at a small seaside village on the Devonshire coast, where she and her maid and Ben were now living. Poor old Ben was heavily stricken by the terrible news he had that morning received. His first thought was to hide it from his beloved mistress, who was very shortly to become a mother. She knew he had written to the owners for news of their dear ones, and he racked his brain to find some excuse for saying he had no reply. When Ethel came down to breakfast Ben kept out of her way as much as possible. This was so unlike him that his mistress at once noticed his absence, and when she called him to her she guessed from his equivocating manner that some serious matter had disturbed him.

"Ben, come here, please," she said, quietly, as he entered the room; and he came and stood before her, looking anywhere but in her face. "What did the letter say this morning?" Ethel commenced. "If there's any ill news, Ben, you had better tell me yourself rather than let it come through others."

And Ben, casting about for some subterfuge to hide the bitter truth, saw no escape. His own grief was eating into his heart, for Joe was his only child. But

when he looked at his mistress's wistful, yearning face he broke down completely, and turning his back upon her he hid his face in his hands and bowed his head in anguish.

Ethel rose and, going over to him, put her hand on his shoulder, saying:—

“What is it, Ben? Let me bear the sorrow with you.” Then in a whisper, as though she dare not utter it aloud, she went on, “Have they caught them?”

Ben made a supreme effort to regain his speech, and, turning towards her, the look of pity and sorrow which she read in his eyes made Ethel's heart fall like lead within her.

“It's worse than that,” he said gently, in a voice muffled by emotion; “sit down here;” and drawing her towards the sofa he sat beside her.

Ethel held his hand fast clasped in hers, but not a word could she utter, for her lips refused to fashion the question she feared to ask. Ben felt that he had better tell the truth without further delay, and, as gently as a woman, he spoke the fearful tidings that had come to him that morning.

Ethel's eyes never left his face all the while he was speaking; but when he had finished she stroked his hand and said:—

“Poor Joe. Oh, I'm so sorry for you, Ben; so sorry;” and then she fell forward on his shoulder unconscious. Ben laid her tenderly on the sofa and ran downstairs for the maid.

It was many weary weeks before Ethel recovered from the delirium of fever which supervened, and when the light of reason returned to her poor weak frame, the nurse placed in her arms her little baby girl. It had been a sharp fight for her with the angel of death, but now her motherhood turned the scale, and she began to mend slowly but surely.

Ben had not been idle meantime. He had been up to London to see the family lawyers and acquaint them with the death of his master, and the result of this was that, as there was no male child to take the estates of The Grange, they would go to Arthur Chiltern. The solicitors communicated the death of Richard Chiltern to the police, and also advised Arthur Chiltern of his new position. The latter was abroad on the Continent at the time, but although he hurried home in response to the lawyer's letter, he did not go to see his cousin's widow. He, however, instructed the solicitors to pay her the sum of one hundred pounds per annum. When this offer was received Ethel held a long discussion with Ben on the matter. He wished her to accept it, but she resolutely declined, and eventually had her way.

When Ethel was able to get about again, she set to work to earn a living for herself and her child. Ben tried hard to turn her from her purpose, protesting that his savings and what money she had, for she had several hundred pounds in hand, would keep them in comfort in that old-world spot, but she would not have it. The good clergyman of the little parish had interested himself in Ethel's behalf and had procured her the offer of a nurse's position in a private institution in the neighbouring town of Bathton, and the utmost Ben could prevail on his mistress to do was that they should take a little cottage there and share the expenses.



“TURNING HIS BACK UPON HER”

"You will be paying more than your share even then Ben," she said, when this arrangement was concluded between them, "for there will be baby, and nurse, and myself against you."

Ben's answer was grumpily made, that it was all nonsense, but his happy smile belied the tone in which it was uttered, and so all was peace with them.

Ethel's sixty pounds a year was, notwithstanding Ben's pooh-poohing, a great help, and brought many minor comforts to the little household—and when her salary was raised the second year to eighty pounds they celebrated the joyful event by a week's holiday at the fishing village they had previously lived in.

## CHAPTER X. FORTUNE'S SMILES.

WHEN Richard and Joe started as South Sea Traders, the novelty and excitement of their strange position left little room for dwelling on sad thoughts. From sunrise, till tired and weary with the day's work, they lay down on their grass mat beds, the day was full of bustle and business; Captain Bigge had spoken truly when he said the natives appreciated his straight dealing, and when he introduced them to the Chief of Kanapote, and explained that they were his friends, and desired to remain to collect the native produce in exchange for what his people required, they were assured of a hearty welcome.

The little schooner *Alice* had already made two voyages since they started business, and their fame had flown far and wide. Joe had not forgotten to write home to his father, and Captain Bigge promised to post the letter himself as soon as he arrived in Sydney.

The *Alice* was expected back again in a month or so, and already Richard had collected almost sufficient cargo to load her up at Kanapote, and by the time she arrived he and Joe expected to secure a full cargo for her. If things continued so to prosper with them it appeared that the *Alice* would soon have to give place to a larger vessel. Their joint profits for the year they anticipated would reach somewhere about eight hundred pounds, and the prospect of larger receipts in the near future excited them to renewed exertions.

Joe had insisted at the start that Richard should retain two-thirds of their profits, leaving him one-third—which, as Joe stoutly maintained was only fair as Richard provided more than that proportion of capital, and had a wife to work for as well. Richard tried hard to beat down Joe's determination on this point, but he was not to be moved.

Richard Chiltern had developed a remarkable capacity for his strange business, and he found Joe almost invaluable. One of the *Alice*'s men left with them acted as interpreter, but the partners soon picked up sufficient of the native language to carry on their barter, and by this time they had almost mastered the whole Kanapote speech.

For some time Richard had deeply pondered over a certain department of their business, which he hoped might be made to secure greater profits than hitherto, and as trading was now quiet, owing to their having on hand nearly sufficient cargo for the *Alice*, and but a short stock of trading goods left, he determined to devote the time remaining before the *Alice* arrived to settling his difficulty. From time to time some of the natives had brought down small quantities of gold-dust to barter with them, and Richard questioning these men as to where they secured it, ascertained that they obtained it from the bed of a stream some four days distance towards the centre of the island. He determined now to visit the spot; so obtaining the chief's permission and a couple of friendly natives as guides and to carry provisions for the party, he started off, leaving Joe in charge of the dépôt.

The guides assured him that their fathers and their fathers before them had collected the yellow powder from this same stream by washing the sand taken from

the bed of the river. They used for the purpose a kind of sieve-shaped apparatus made of bamboo twisted into a circle with a skin bottom. Into this they put the sand and then moving it about in the water allowed the stream to wash away the sand and dirt, leaving any gold there might happen to be. Richard's idea was to trace up the stream and endeavour to find where the gold came from. When they arrived at the spot where the dust was usually sought he had ocular demonstration, for bringing their washer from the under-growth near by, one of the men, in the course of half-an-hour, had a small pinch of gold to show for his labour. This was enough for Richard and he told the natives he was going to walk up the bank of the stream.

"Where does the river come from?" asked Richard.

"From the mountain there," said the native, pointing towards a hill of goodly size some four or five miles distant.

"Do you find the yellow powder all along the stream," was his next question.

"Sometimes yes, sometimes no," replied the man. "Where the bottom is sand there we find it, but it is not all sand; sometimes mud and elsewhere rock, and then we find nothing."

So they went on, Richard watching carefully every variation of the geological formation of the land until they were nearly arrived at the mountain, which certainly looked more imposing as they approached closer. The stream had now narrowed down greatly and ran mostly through a rocky bed. One part showed sand and Richard asked the man to try it, and after two washings showed a small handful of gold dust. He told him to try again and while he was doing so Richard stooped beside him and plunging his hand into the sand took up a handful to find if he could see any grains of the precious metal. Amongst the sand were one or two small pebbles, and picking them out he was about to cast them into the stream when it struck him they felt heavier than stones of that size should, so he put one between his teeth, and instead of meeting the resistance he expected it seemed like biting a bullet. When he took it in his hand again it showed yellow and he knew it was gold. Testing the other stones he easily picked out the gold from the stone, then picking up stone after stone he here and there found other golden nuggets: they were dull with oxydisation, but their weight revealed their value. Then he soared at larger nuggets, trying every stone he could find as large as a hen's egg. For a time nothing but pebbles came to hand, then in quick succession he dropped on three nuggets weighing together, as near as he could judge, about three pounds.

Meantime the native had washed two lots of sand, obtaining therefrom enough dust to fill a tea-cup. Hiding his excitement as well as he could Richard told him that would do for the present, and marking the spot in his memory he led them still further up the stream.

Another sandy spot was then tried with the same result, and he found several more nuggets. Then they went on once more. They did not halt again until they came to where the stream came splashing and tumbling down the mountain side. It was as clear as crystal; flashing in the sunlight it made its last fall from some four or five feet into a little bubbling pool.

"Try the bottom of the pool," said Richard, pointing to the little basin into which the water splashed.

"No sand there, no yellow dust," remarked the man, hesitating.

"Never mind, try," said Richard, and the man stepped carefully into the water which reached nearly to his body. Thrusting under his sieve-like washer he scraped it into the bottom of the pool, and raised it gently until it was level with the water, then he gave a yell of astonishment, and grasping the washer with both hands he staggered to the bank, and with some trouble listed it out. It was half full of nearly pure gold dust.

Richard was trembling with excitement.

"No sand, all yellow dust," he laughingly remarked. "Now we will go up the mountain a little way," he continued; "leave that there," pointing to the washer.

Foot by foot Richard closely examined the watercourse as he slowly climbed upwards, but it was not until he came to where the stream flowed from the heart of the mountain that he found what he concluded was the source of the gold. The water ran out of a gorge or cavern in the mountain side, the sides of which were of a sort of sandstone and shows specks of the coveted yellow metal. Whether the stone could be worked profitably Richard had not sufficient knowledge to determine.

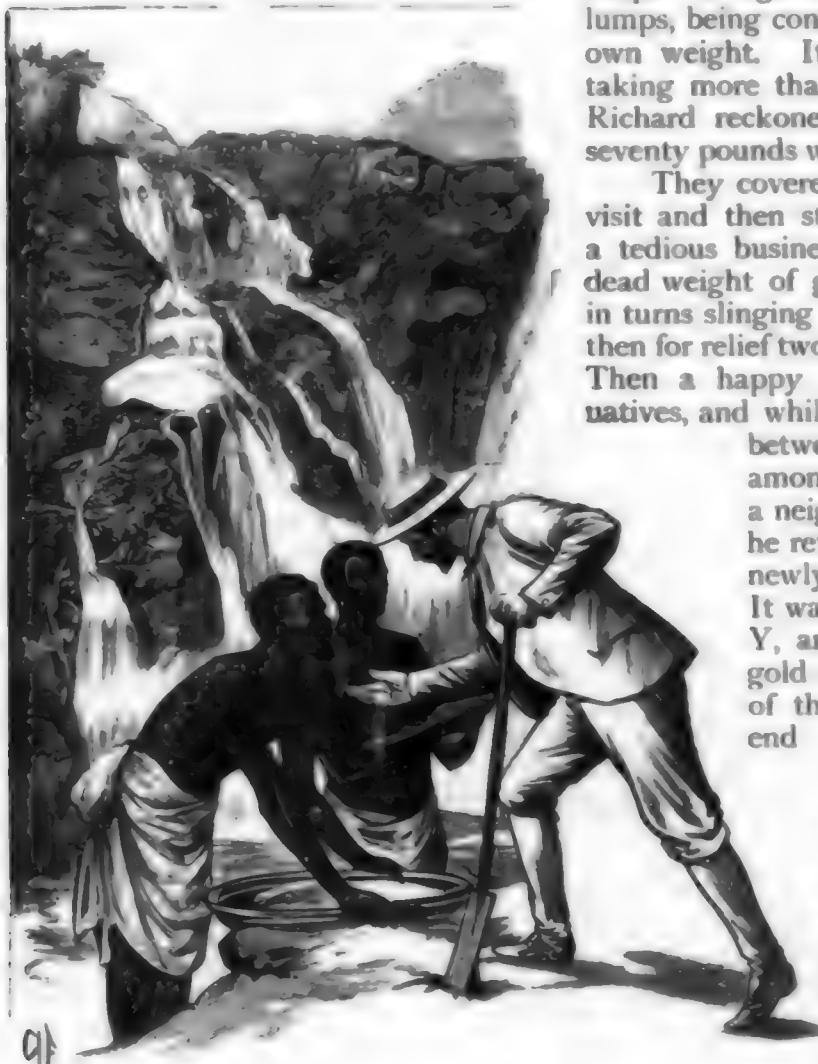
For years, perhaps centuries, the stream had flowed through this fissure in the mountain, gradually wearing away the sandstone and carrying it down stream, depositing the gold on its course. That night Richard made his camp close to the little pool, determining on the morrow to secure as much of the gold that lay at the bottom as he could, and then bribing the natives to secrecy return to Kanapote and await the return of the *Alice*.

At dawn of day they started work, and as the gold dust was ladled out, it was put into the bag in which they had brought their provisions. Regretfully Richard found he could not then clear the pool of its golden contents, for the bag began to get so heavy that he realised they would have great difficulty in carrying it, so perforce he had to leave the rest for another trip. As the hole in the pool got

deeper the gold came up in cakes and lumps, being consolidated by time and its own weight. It was no use, however, taking more than they could carry, and Richard reckoned that he had sixty or seventy pounds weight already in the bag.

They covered up the traces of their visit and then started for home. It was a tedious business hauling that precious dead weight of gold along; they took it in turns slinging the bag over their backs, then for relief two carried it between them. Then a happy idea struck one of the natives, and whilst the party was resting

between whiles, he disappeared amongst the dense foliage of a neighbouring copse. When he returned he was carrying a newly-cut lancewood sapling. It was shaped like the letter Y, and fastening the bag of gold securely to the fork, each of the three men placed one end of the three pronged arrangement on his shoulder and the procession started in great spirits. Occasionally changing the weight from one shoulder to the other, they were able to move on with comfort, and seven days from their setting out they were back again at



"NO SAND, ALL YELLOW DUST"

Kanapote. Joe had been somewhat against the expedition, especially as Richard had declined to take one of the sailors with him, and he felt also piqued at his master's reticence in not stating what he was after.

When Richard arrived at the dépôt he found Joe just putting away a choice parcel of pearls he had secured a bargain. All Joe's soreness melted immediately at the sight of his partner, and he welcomed him heartily.

"What's all this?" Joe asked, as the two guides deposited their weighty burden on the floor.

"Presently, Joe," replied Richard, with a wink. "Now I want you to give me some of our best cloth, a couple of the choicest knives, some beads and anything else extra good that you've got for my two friends here."

The natives' faces beamed as they heard the order, and their expressions of delight when the things were handed them were wonderful to behold.

"You must tell no one what we've found," Richard reminded them as they wrapped up their new possessions; "and soon you shall go with me again, and when the *Alice* returns you shall have more things even than those."

When they had finished their thanks and departed, Richard undid the bag, and laying a piece of sail-cloth on the floor poured out the golden stream.

"Is it all gold?" said the astonished Joe, running his fingers through the glittering mass.

Richard nodded, saying, "Let's weigh it, Joe."

And Joe brought the scales, and pound by pound they weighed it and placed it into a large biscuit tin. There was just eighty-one pounds, and as it contained very little dirt or sand they calculated it worth at least £50 per pound. Joe, figuring it out in his head, said, in a tone of almost solemn awe:—

"Why, that's over £4,000."

While the process of weighing had been proceeding, Richard had recited how he had come to investigate the origin of the gold dust that was brought them and the details of his trip.

"There's a heap more to be got from the stream, Joe; and unless I am very much mistaken there's far more to be obtained from the cavern," Richard went on.

The two men sat long into the night discussing their future proceedings, with the result that it was arranged they would leave the two sailors in charge of the dépôt and visit the stream on the next day but one, taking the two natives with them to secure the rest of the gold that was in the pool and any other that the stream would give up. The *Alice* was not due back for three weeks, and they calculated they would be back long ere then. Joe was a perfect demon of unrest for the next twenty-four hours. He packed and unpacked the bag they were to carry with them dozens of times, and capered about like one demented.

It was scarcely daybreak when they left the village on their expedition, as they wished to excite as little curiosity as possible amongst the natives. Pushing forward rapidly the little party arrived at their destination before noon of the third day, and Richard made directly for the little pool. Joe had packed a large bowl with a handle amongst his baggage, and handing it to the native who had before operated, Joe watched anxiously for the result of the first dip.

Scooping about for awhile, the man slowly straightened his back, and bringing the bowl to the surface with both hands they saw it was nearly filled with chunks and flakes of gold. Joe gave a few steps of an impromptu hornpipe, and then, leaning forward to give the native a helping hand, pitched headforemost into the pool, nearly upsetting the man in his involuntary dive. Spluttering and gasping he soon found his feet and joined in the laughter his diversion had caused. They cleared the pool this time of its golden contents, securing more than their first visit had yielded; then after Richard had visited the cavern again with Joe, they started to search the stream. Here again they were still more successful than previously.

and Joe was fortunate enough to drop on several large nuggets, while all the others obtained more or less dust or smaller nuggets. Resting where they were for the night they started next morning on their return, carrying their find as on the previous occasion. As they neared their camp they saw, away out at sea, the white sails of a ship.

"If that's the *Alice* she's got back pretty sharp," said Richard; "won't Bigge be surprised at our discovery?"

"Rather," answered Joe. "It isn't every partnership that finds a gold mine in their back garden I reckon."

It was the *Alice* that was beating into the little harbour, and when Captain Bigge came ashore to see how his friends had got on, he was almost dumbfounded when they showed him the gold. Their last lot ran close into £6,000 in value, making about £10,000 altogether. Captain Bigge sat himself down without a word

after his first exclamation of surprise, then turning to Richard he began:

"Of course, I congratulate you; honestly I'm glad for you, but I am sorry for myself, as I hoped we were going to do a lot of successful trading together, having started so well. Now, of course, you'll give my business up."

"Bigge," replied Richard, going over to him and putting a hand on his shoulder, "Bigge, you are an honest man, and I like you all the better for what you've just said, but I want to be honest too. We're partners in this," pointing to the gold, "as well as in the trading business. You saved the life of Joe and myself; it was you who put us here as your partners, and half that gold's yours honestly, if not legally, so not another word about it."

Captain Bigge stared, open mouthed, at Richard while he spoke, then springing to his feet he grasped Richard's hand, and holding out his left to Joe, who was standing by smiling, he shook them both so fervently that they were both glad when he released them.

"Well I'm d——d!" was all he said; but it meant more than a whole vocabulary of thanks, and it evidently expressed

his sentiments at that moment so exactly that he repeated the words, this time more softly, as though communing with a familiar spirit. "So half that's mine," he soliloquised, nodding towards the glittering pile of bullion that lay heaped up on a sail-cloth; "say £5,000—about three times as much as I've saved in all these years by hard work, and given to me by two men who'd every right to keep it, and who little more than six months ago didn't even know me. I can't refuse it, for my little girl's sake, but we must alter that partnership and start fresh. Well I'm—" but the rest ended in an indistinct murmur as he sat down again and passed his hand dazedly across his brow.

After a few moments Captain Bigge burst forth afresh: "Lookee here my friends, I accept your gift in part. If you're agreeable we'll work in future on third shares, and I'll then take a third of this gold, you taking the other two-thirds between you, this arrangement to apply equally to our other business." Richard



"THEY WERE BOTH GLAD"

was about to make a remark, but Bigge interposed with, "Is that agreed, yes or no? if no, I won't take a grain; come now, don't let us quarrel over it. Yes or no?"

"All right, Bigge, have it your own way," broke in Richard, laughing.

"Thank you," said the Captain solemnly; "shake hands on the new arrangement," and they shook.

When things were thus amicably settled, the three partners sat down quietly, while Richard described his discovery.

"I've two old miners on board," remarked the Captain, "they were on their beam ends in Sydney, and shipped with me two or three voyages ago, what do you say to taking them up to the mine, and hearing what they say?"

"Just the thing, I should think," replied Richard.

So arranging with the mate to attend to the loading of the cargo, and leaving Joe to represent the firm, Richard and the Captain went off the next day with the two miners to inspect the new found gold mine.

The experienced miners were enthusiastic on the richness of the mine immediately they glanced at it. Digging out two or three shovelfuls of the sandstone, they crushed it to powder, and when washed away, the debris showed quite a decent pinch of fine gold as the result; they repeated the operation again and again, taking the stuff from widely different parts of the cavern. Richard and the Captain had meantime gone a little way down the stream, and were on their way back, when the two miners came towards them.

"What's the report Green?" asked the Captain when they all come to a standstill. "Any good."

"Look at that, sir," replied the one addressed as Green, holding out his hand-kerchief in which there was a little heap of golden grains, sufficient perhaps to fill an egg cup.

"Doesn't seem very much there," said Bigge in a disappointed tone.

"Think not?" queried Green, "well if I'd got £50,000 you should have it for that mine."

"Eh! What do you mean?"

"I mean, Captain," replied the man seriously, "it's the richest place I've ever seen, and Tom thinks so too."

Tom, who was a man of few words, corroborated his friend's assertion with a nod.

"There's about three ounces of gold," went on Green, weighing the dust in his hand, "and we got that from, say, a hundredweight of stuff, a spadeful here and a spadeful there all over the cavern; now that gives sixty ounces to the ton, and with a small crushing mill and a dozen men we could work forty or fifty tons a week. say forty times sixty, that's two thousand four hundred ounces of gold a week; the gold's fine gold too, but say we only get seventy shillings an ounce for it, that's how much?"

"Eight thousand four hundred pounds," replied Richard, when he had done a little mental arithmetic.

"And how long would the job last?" asked Captain Bigge, when he had digested these figures.

"Months, perhaps years," answered Green.

Then they fell to discussing ways and means, what machinery would be required and all the details of mining work, and their conversation all the way back to Kanapote turned on the all-absorbing topic. It was carried into the long hours of the night, and when they lay down to sleep Captain Bigge's dreams were much disturbed by visions of a golden mountain pouring a stream of the same entrancing metal into the hold of the *Alice*; it kept on pouring away, and he feared lest it would sink his ship, and so he would lose ship and gold.

They had determined to wait on the Chief of Kanapote next morning and buy the mountain from him, so as to make sure of their ground; this was an easy matter



"RICHARD OPENED HIS HEART TO HIS FRIEND"

over £35,000 to divide between the three of them after paying all their expenses.

As Richard became assured of their great good fortune, he grew more and more silent and sad.

Now he was able to offer his wife a home he was eager to let her know that he was in the land of the living. Was she alive and well? What was she doing? How was she living? All these thoughts passed through his mind in grim succession as he lay on his camp bedstead during many sleepless hours. Sometimes he pictured her as alone and friendless, ill and in poverty, and then he groaned in his anguish. Then the remembrance of old Ben passed before his mental vision, and he knew there was one who would do all in his power to keep her from ill.

The weeks went by, and a second month proved the value of the mine still further, for with increased experience had come still more success, and that month showed nearly £40,000 to divide between the partners.

Joe had noticed the restlessness and brooding vein which had come over Richard recently, and he was not surprised when one evening as they were smoking their pipes previous to turning in, Richard opened his heart to his friend.

"I can't stand it any longer, Joe," Richard remarked as he refilled his pipe. "I'm now assured of a sufficiency of fortune to be able to decide on the future, and I mean to return to England at once to reveal my living presence to my wife. Then she shall say what shall be done. When I fled from England I was penniless and helpless. Now I am rich and, thank God, able to give comfort to those we left behind, Joe."

"You must be very careful not to let others recognise you at home," said Joe. "I rather fancy returning with you; I promised my father to look after you, you know."

"All right, Joe; we are perfectly safe in leaving our interests here in the Captain's care, so we can go home together."

Captain Bigge spoke from his heart when he wished his two partners every good wish and happiness, as he wrung their hands on board the *Alice* as she was about to depart with the travellers. He had given them a letter to his little girl at

and soon settled to the satisfaction of both parties, the Chief thinking the shrewd Captain less sharp than usual for the liberal payment in the coveted white man's goods which he secured for his barren hill.

The loading of the *Alice* was proceeded with at express speed, and the little vessel within the week was on her way to Sydney to obtain the necessary machinery and tools for working the mine. The two miners were cautioned to keep their mouths shut and engaged at handsome wages with a small share in the prospective venture.

Within three months all their doubts and fears were completely set at rest and Green's estimate of the mine was more than verified, for after a month's working they found they had won gold to

Sydney, who would give them a hearty welcome, and they promised to make the Captain's house their home for the few days they might be in Sydney previous to their sailing for home.

## CHAPTER XI.

## HOME AGAIN.

ALICE BIGGE, the Captain's daughter, was busily engaged on trimming and training some favourite flowers in the front garden of her father's house. She was humming gaily in her work, for she loved the warm, sunny weather which brought out the lovely blossoms and made her pets grow so vigorously. A dainty white sun hat spread its voluminous brim over the bonny brown hair and happy face of the girl, half hiding the smiling eyes in its jealous shade.

The garden gate clicked, and, glancing up, she saw two strangers approaching up the path. The elder, as they drew near, raising his hat, enquired if this was Captain Bigge's house, and on receiving her answer that it was, thanked her, and began to move towards the house, saying they were going to see his little daughter.

Richard Chiltern, for he and Joe were the strangers, had scarcely uttered the words ere the girl, with laughing eyes, introduced herself.

"Father always calls me his little girl," she said, "forgetting that now I am grown up. But I do not remember you."

So Richard handed her the letter her father had given him, and the four days that they had to wait for their steamer passed so pleasantly that one of them was more than sorry when it had to come to an end. The old nurse who had watched over Alice from her babyhood surprised the girl in her bedroom when the visitors had gone, her face bearing traces of recent tears. After some coaxing she poured out all her young sorrows on her nurse's bosom. It was the old, old story, and the victims to the little god were Alice and Joe; the latter had promised to return to Sydney within the year, but when the heart is young twelve months seem an infinity of time, and so the tears again fell softly.

Joe was so silent and non-inquisitive for the first twenty-four hours of their homeward journey that Richard feared lest he were going to be ill, but during the next day Joe, with many pauses and much feeling, made his companion the depository of his secret.



"SHE SAW TWO MEN APPROACHING"

"You didn't lose much time, Joe my boy," remarked Richard, when he had listened to his friend's woes.

"Well you see, the Captain was always talking to me of his little girl," said Joe in extenuation, "and it seems that he told Alice a lot about us when he was home between voyages, and so we seemed to be quite old friends to start with."

The homeward voyage passed without more than the usual number of incidents peculiar to shipboard, and in due time they arrived once more in their native land. Richard decided that the quickest method of ascertaining the present whereabouts of Ben and Ethel was to telegraph to Joe's uncle at Greenley, which he did immediately the steamer arrived in London. The reply was soon back, giving the address of the cottage at Bathton, and as the day was yet young Richard and Joe left their baggage at the cloak-room at Paddington and took the next train for that Devonshire town.

Ben had received the letter from his son Joe, which Captain Bigge had posted in Sydney some months ago. The letter had been forwarded on from his brother's at Greenley, and when old Ben opened the covering envelope and saw his boy's writing, he was unable for some moments to break the seal of the letter from he who was thought to be dead. When he had mastered the contents and his own trembling feelings, he went into his mistress's little room and diplomatically prepared the ground.

"How strange it is," began Ben, in a general conversation sort of tone, "how people disappear for years and then turn up again when everyone has forgotten them."

Mrs. Chiltern looked up with a smile when Ben entered, but went on with the sewing which she had in her lap. Now Ben's words were simple enough, but there was something in his manner which was not so under his control as he had thought, and before the opening sentence was concluded Ethel was all attention.

"What *do* you mean, Ben?"

"Why we hear constantly of strange disappearances," Ben resumed. "Husbands leave their wives and wives their husbands, ships are lost with those on board, and years afterwards those who are supposed dead return again."

Ethel was now gazing steadfastly at Ben; she felt there was more behind his words than she could at present comprehend, but she remained quiet, only clasping her hands in her lap and looking him through and through as



"WHAT DO YOU MEAN, BEN?"

though she would read his soul. This did not help Ben in the least, and he felt he had better come to the point quickly. So he commenced again.

"I've just had a letter from my brother Tom, with news of someone very dear to me who I thought was dead."

"Is it Joe, Ben?" said his mistress, almost in a whisper.

Ben nodded. He could not speak; and then handing Ethel Joe's letter he waited whilst she read it.

He saw the tears quietly stealing down her cheeks, drop one by one unheeded as she read through the letter. Then folding it up again gently, she looked up at the old man, and holding out her hand said:—

"Ben, dear, I am so glad of this; so glad for you and him. It is, indeed, a message from the dead. Perhaps in His own good time God may give me back my lost one, my own dear husband."

"May be He will. Nothing seems impossible now," answered Ben.

And from that day Ethel's step grew more elastic and her eyes more bright as the spirit of hope dwelt upon her.

Several months went by, and Ben, who had answered his son's letter by the next mail, was beginning to look forward to again hearing from him. He had written his brother Tom the day previously to send on any letter at once that might come for him, and was now sitting in the gloaming waiting for his mistress to return. Little did the good old fellow dream that even at that moment his boy was close by.

Richard and Joe arrived at Bathton just as the shades of evening began to fall; and, as they had arranged, Joe sent a short note round to his father, saying he would be with him in a few minutes. Ben was still brooding in the twilight when he was brought out of his thoughts by a knock at the door.

"Gentleman gave me this letter to bring you," said a lad's voice as Ben answered the summons. Taking the letter he returned to the room, wondering who it was from. Lighting the lamp and opening the envelope without looking at the address, this is what he read:—

"My dear old dad. Here I am alive and hearty. I shall be with you almost before you've read this—Joe."

"Joe here," said old Ben to himself, as though scarcely understanding the evidence in his hand, and then his lips moved silently in prayer. Joe had walked so rapidly after his messenger that before his father had time to think the matter over another knock proclaimed the wanderer's return, and father and son's hands gripped their heartfelt welcome.

With an arm round his son's shoulder Ben led the way into the little sitting-room.

"How's Mrs. Chiltern?" asked Joe, as soon as their first greetings were over.

"She keeps bright and bonny Joe, my lad, and since your letter the poor dear lady has been more like her old self. She's half hoping that the master will turn up like you have."

"Well, more unlikely things than that have happened, dad. I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he was saved, you know."

"Hardly possible my boy," returned Ben, with a melancholy shake of the head.

"Why not?" said Joe, looking straight at his father.

What his lips cloaked his eyes revealed; for Ben, jumping up, read in his son's gaze that the impossible had come to pass.

"Do you mean it, Joe?" Joe nodded, adding quietly, "Yes, dad, he's here with me."

"The good Lord be praised," replied his father, bending his head reverently.

And while they waited for the mistress of the house to come in Joe related to his father briefly all that had happened to them. While Joe was narrating their adventures the front door opened and Ben, starting to his feet, signed Joe to remain still.

The old man met his mistress in the passage, and leading her into the kitchen informed her of Joe's arrival. Joe took the opportunity to slip out into the street, where he soon found the muffled up figure he was in search of. Rapidly relating all that had occurred Joe and Richard Chiltern, for it was he, returned and while Joe went into the cottage Richard waited impatiently outside for the signal to enter.

When Joe went into the sitting-room Mrs. Chiltern was anxiously watching for him and, running forward, took both his hands in hers as she welcomed him home again. When they were more composed, Joe dexterously brought the conversation round to Richard Chiltern, and the possibility of his being saved too, and by degrees and with much tact he told the happy news. Joy seldom kills, and

Joe going to the front door brought Richard in, and pushing him into the sitting-room beckoned out his father and closed the door

## CHAPTER XII.

"AS WE FORGIVE THOSE THAT  
TRESPASS AGAINST US."

THEY had many questions to ask and answer of each other, Joe and his father, and while husband and wife were recounting their joys and fears behind the door so thoughtfully closed by Joe, the father and son retired to the little kitchen. Presently Ben heard footsteps ascending the stairs, and he knew the father was being led to the side of the sleeping babe his eyes had never yet seen. When they came down again he heard his mistress call him softly and



"THE FATHER WAS LED TO THE SLEEPING BABE."

then they all went into the parlour. Richard Chiltern, placing a hand on Ben's shoulder, said:—

"My debt of gratitude to you, Ben, can never be paid; my wife has told me part of all your goodness to her and our little one: how you've been her right hand through all adversity, and comforted her in her heavy sorrow; God bless you, Ben, my friend, as I do."

Then the happy party bethought themselves of the tea which had been waiting their attention, and Mrs. Chiltern ran out to help the maid prepare it.

The adventures of the travellers seemed like a fairy tale to the two listeners and the meal was spun out far beyond the allotted time. Just as they were preparing to draw round the fire to continue their narrative, the maid brought in a note which she handed to her mistress.

"It's from the Home," said Ethel, as she broke the seal; then she added as she glanced it through, "Oh, what a pity, they want me to go out to nurse an urgent case, and I must be up at the house in an hour's time for instructions."

"Must you go, dear?" said Richard.

"Yes, I must go up, but I will try and get leave if I can, Ritchie, but if I cannot I must go."

Ben accompanied his mistress to the Home, but returned without her; as there was no other nurse disengaged Ethel had to take up the case.

"Mrs. Chiltern has gone to Sandyford to nurse a gentleman who has had an accident," said Ben. "She said she would write to-night if it was likely to be a serious case."

Next morning, instead of the anticipated letter, Ben received a telegram. He was so long reading it through that Joe waxed impatient, and going behind his father read the message out aloud:—

"Ask my husband to come here at once the case is Arthur Chiltern his cousin who is dying and desires to see him."

"My cousin Arthur!" exclaimed Richard, starting up. "What's the next train, Ben?"

Old Ben hunted up the time-table and in half an hour Richard and Joe were on the way to Sandyford. The hotel the telegram was sent from was close to the station, and in a few minutes Richard had sent a line up to his wife to notify her of his arrival. When Ethel came in to them her face bore signs of extreme agitation.

"He's dying, Ritchie, and the doctor is with him, he seems most anxious to see you. He recognised me last night directly I went into the room and I thought it might cheer him if I told him you were alive. He started up in bed directly the words were out of my lips. 'Bring him to me, Ethel,' he begged, 'before I die. Send for him at once.' Then turning to the doctor he said, more quietly, 'can I live till the morning, doctor; tell me truly,' and on receiving the doctor's assurance that he would probably live through the next day he lay back, quietly reminding me to send for you at once."

"Poor fellow," said Richard. "What's the matter with him."

"He fell over the cliff yesterday and has broken a lot of bones and injured himself internally," replied Ethel, with tears of pity in her eyes.

"Show me up to him, wife, and then come down and rest yourself, you are dead beat."

When Richard entered the darkened room the dying man turned his head.

"At last," he said. "Tell Ethel to leave us for a while." So Richard nodded to his wife and closed the door.

"Arthur, my dear fellow," said Richard, going towards the bed and placing his strong brown hand in that of his cousin, "Ethel tells me it is going hard with you. Is there no hope?" turning to the doctor.

"None," answered the medical man, sadly.

"You hear what he says, Richard," said Arthur; "but it is not of my death I wish to speak, but of my life. Give me your hand, cousin."

And Richard grasped his cousin's hand.

"Doctor, listen to what I say and then write it down," went on the dying man. "Richard, I have wronged you grievously. You were driven from England branded as a murderer. You thought you had killed Spencer Woolf. You are innocent; I murdered him."

Richard started from the bed-side on hearing his cousin's confession. "What do you mean, Arthur?" he said. "You told me I had killed him."

"I told you a lie. Now, doctor, please write down as I dictate," went on Arthur Chiltern, his voice strong and full in his determination to clear his cousin. "Are you ready?"

The doctor, who had seated himself at the little table, answered in the affirmative, and Arthur commenced.

"I, Arthur Chiltern, knowing I am about to die, make this, my confession. When my cousin, Richard Chiltern, came to blows with Spencer Woolf in my rooms the provocation was entirely on Mr. Woolf's side, and after Richard knocked him down I hurried my cousin from the room to prevent further trouble. Then I lifted

Woolf on to the sofa and bathed his face with water. Presently he came to and immediately commenced to blame me for the unhappy occurrence which had taken place. I asserted my entire innocence in the matter and he turned from blaming me to threats. I was heavily indebted to him, and had only that morning borrowed £2,000 from him. He swore he would ruin me, and at last his language became so unbearable and insulting that I lost my self-control and replied in equally heated terms.

"His excitement at last brought its result and he fell back again in a dead saint. Then I took up a cushion and pressed it hard down over his face and when I withdrew it he had ceased to breathe. I then took from his pocket-book the bills I had that morning signed and destroyed the traces of my indebtedness to him.

"The rest you know. How I sent for a doctor, and when the police arrived I threw the guilt on my cousin."

When Arthur Chiltern had finished his confession he fell back exhausted on his pillow.

Richard had listened to it all as one in a dream; then he heard the weak voice of his cousin calling to him.

"Richard, it is hard to forgive such a dastardly crime, but I should die easier if you could say the words."

After taking a turn or two about the room Richard again approached the bed and placed the hand of forgiveness in his cousin's.

"Thank you, Ritchie," the other whispered; then turning to the doctor, who had just completed his task, he said "Call some witnesses and let me sign."

When the confession was signed by Arthur Chiltern and the doctor and two other witnesses, the doctor turned them all out of the room, and Ethel returned to solace the dying man's last hours.

That night Arthur passed away to take his trial at that Higher Tribunal for the sins he had committed on earth.

Richard and Ethel took another honeymoon on the Continent, accompanied by a little golden-haired girl who justified her nurse's eulogies that she was as good as gold.

When they returned to The Grange, after twelve months' wanderings, they were introduced to Mrs. Joseph Williams (*née* Alice Bigge), for Joe had returned to Sydney and persuaded the Captain to give him his little girl.



"PLACED THE HAND OF FORGIVENESS IN HIS COUSIN'S"

# *Rambles Through England.*

## *The Surrey Hills.*

THE softly undulating hills of Surrey contrast strongly with the wild and barren mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The two are opposite castings from nature's mould, the one all smiles and peace, the other frowns and barrenness.

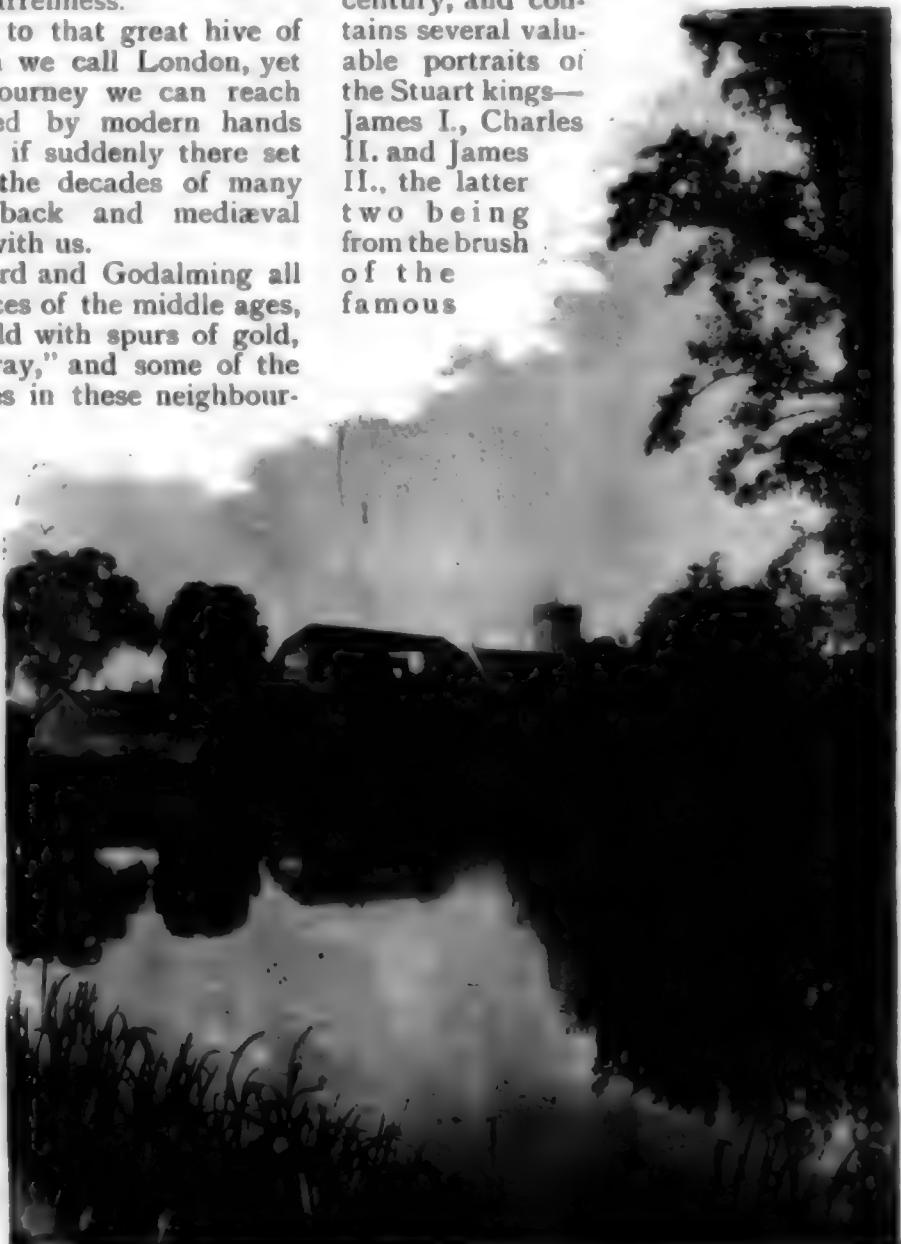
Although so near to that great hive of the universe which we call London, yet within an hour's journey we can reach spots so untouched by modern hands that we might feel, if suddenly there set down, as though the decades of many years were set back and mediæval England was still with us.

Dorking, Guildford and Godalming all still bear many traces of the middle ages, when "warriors bold with spurs of gold, rode gaily to the fray," and some of the old inns and houses in these neighbourhoods are in themselves worth the trouble of a special visit.

Taking Guildford as the centre of our excursions for the time being, we can spend many pleasant days in exploring the adjacent hamlets and surrounding country. Guildford is the county town of Surrey, and occupies a most charming position on the banks of the River Wey, which meanders, with many twists and curls, through the valley on its route from Godalming to Woking.

The steep High Street is one of

the most picturesque of the many quaint towns of the South of England. The chief object that catches the eye is the old Town Hall, with its prominent overhanging clock and turreted tower. The building dates from the end of the 17th century, and contains several valuable portraits of the Stuart kings—James I., Charles II. and James II., the latter two being from the brush of the famous



VIEW OF THE WEY, SHOWING ST. MARY'S CHURCH, GUILDFORD.



VIEW OF COTTAGES ON THE CHANTRY ROAD, GUILDFORD, FROM THE WEY.

**Sir Peter Lely.** On the opposite side of the street is the Corn Market, and we find several ancient gabled buildings on both sides of the street, which lend a beauty of long ago times to the many new handsome buildings which have replaced other structures.

To the south, at the back of the High Street, stand the remnants of Guildford Castle. Gaunt and grim, yet showing

The Archway, known as Castle Arch, leading from Quarry Street, was rebuilt in 1669 on the site of the ancient gateway of the Castle and still continues in a good state of preservation.

The tower of the Castle still stands, but little decayed by the hand of centuries; the walls are ten feet or so in thickness, built of ragstone and bricks, cemented together into an almost adamantine hardness. In the thickness of the walls above the ground floor are several rooms and passages, one of which rooms was formerly used as a chapel.

Guildford Castle has played many important parts in the early history of England, but its old age is devoted to the more peaceful rôle of inciting the artist to transfer its massive beauties to canvas.

The country round Guildford is delightful in its varying features, the valley of the Wey affording some charming rambles either upwards to Godalming or down the river towards Woking. Lovers of the rod find occasional sport, but the river is sadly discoloured by some of the mills on its banks. In years gone by there was no better water near London for fishing, but now the lucky piscator is the exception and not the rule.

The pedestrian, however, if he be a true lover of nature, will find many beauties appealing to his eye, among the flower-decked meads and meadows, and twisting, curling river, with

its border of graceful wavering flags and rushes.

The hills hemming in the Wey are, however, we think, the chief beauty of the district, and afford the most enjoyable walks and drives.

One of the most beautiful routes for a ramble commences with the steep hill which climbs upwards from the town side of the castle, and leads us to Chantry Downs. A pause here to regain our breath permits



THE HIGH STREET, GUILDFORD, AND TOWN HALL.

signs of the massive strength which originally belonged to it, the Castle rears its frowning walls above the surrounding country.

Traces of the outlying walls of the citadel are still visible, extending many hundred yards away; and it is said the vaults and underground passages leading from the Castle still honeycomb their darksome way beneath many of the neighbouring streets.

us to gaze at the lovely panorama unveiled around. To the right, across the Wey, we see the ruins of the Chapel of St. Catherine, backed by the range of hills known as the Hog's Back. Southward, fields of corn, alternating with coppices and woods, each in their rich autumn beauty of gold and green, claim our attention; while the pure, exhilarating air blows keenly and revingly in our nostrils.

Taking a narrow footpath leading gently down the hill towards the east, we find ourselves presently passing through a coppice of nut trees, with the little Chapel of St. Martha crowning the opposite hill.

A local legend has it that, in years long ago, three sisters built each of them a chapel. One was called St. Catherine's, which we have noticed just now as standing on the western bank of the Wey; the second is St. Martha's, and the third is St. Mary's, in Guildford.

hawthorn or two. The doors of the little chapel are closed, so we cannot examine the interior; but we wonder at the reason for so placing the building that devotees must ascend such an elevation. The nearest parish, we believe, is Chilworth, some two miles away.



RUINS OF THE CASTLE.



Resuming our walk, we mount quickly up the hill towards St. Martha's, which presently stands out, solitary and drear, at the very apex of the hill, which, in strong contrast to the near country, is utterly devoid of foliage, save a stunted

beauty around as we lay in the easiest of postures on the soft carpet of grass, and sheltered from the sun by a friendly oak, consumed our sandwiches and quaffed our favourite tipple.

Sandwiches, by the way, are not always

Descending the eastern side of the hill, we are entranced with the glorious view. Heather and bracken ferns carpet the ground all around our feet, whilst verdure-covered hills undulate away into the blue distance.

This is a charming spot for a picnic, and as we were provident enough to bring a well-filled satchel with us, we simply revelled in the glorious

conducive to good digestion; but there are evidently sandwiches and sandwiches—by which sapient remark we intend to convey that our sandwiches were no relation and were not even on speaking terms with those other concoctions which we are at times bound to consume at railway buffets. These latter usually appear to be manufactured of badly tanned leather, let into two pieces of hydraulic-pressed sawdust, and require an extra quantity of lubrication, in some liquid form, to secure their passage into the human interior. A friend, in whom the writer has much confidence, gives it as his opinion that they are produced for the sole purpose of making the purchaser drink two glasses of sherry or other liquid



CASTLE ARCH.

when he only requires one.

Now, our sandwiches were horses—we mean ham—of another colour. But we knew, and loved, the fair hands that made them and wrapped them up so carefully in lettuce leaves and dainty napkin.

Having wearied our reader by this digression, which doesn't matter, and digested our sandwiches, which does matter, we will brush off the crumbs from our manly beard and proceed on our tramp.

At the bottom of St. Martha's Hill we strike a leafy lane which takes us into a narrow road running with many devious twists from Guildford to Albury. As we intend to visit the latter village on the morrow, we turn our faces towards home, as we have so dallied on our walk.

that the day is now fast closing into eventide. Jogging along the grassy footpath which borders the road, our footfalls sink into silence. when one of our party brings us to a halt with a sibilant "lish," and pointing excitedly ahead, whispers "What's that?"



THE "JOLLY FARMER" BOATING STAGE, GUILDFORD

The humourist of the party remarked that "it looked uncommonly like a dirty paw," referring to the extended hand of the excited one; but, with a look which was meant to dry up the blood of the flippant speaker, he replied, "I mean that thing flying along in front of us." As he spoke, we saw, sailing along with almost motionless wings and but a few yards from the earth, an enormous bird which at first we thought was a duck, except that the flight of the stranger was totally different to that usually practised by that bird. After drifting along a short distance farther, the mystic apparition settled

in the line being intent on picking his way quietly with head well bent down, as though he was a hound on the trail, caught him a crack in the small of the back, nearly pitching our generalissimo on to his nose.

The time was not one for words but deeds, so the objurgations of the cracker and the cracked were speedily hushed while we gazed about for the enemy.

During the *mélée* we had moved nearer to the tree, when our leader, who was still rubbing his back, exclaimed "There it is!" And, sure enough, there it was, for, perched on a broken bough of the oak,



THE FERRY NEAR ST. CATHERINE'S.

quietly on the low bough of a stunted oak.

A brief council of war determined our plan of operations. We were to creep stealthily forward and reconnoitre the enemy. The honour of advance guard was given to the discoverer, who immediately set out on tip-toe with body bent and rifle ready. The rifle was a walking-stick, but he carried it as though it was a rifle. The rest of the company followed in Indian file, each alert and full of pluck, ready to do or die for his queen and country. When we drew within ten yards of the base of operations, which was the stunted oak before mentioned, our leader halted suddenly and the next man

was an enormous owl whose brown coat exactly matched the bark of the tree. We were so taken aback at the suddenness of the discovery that we simply stood stock still gazing at the strange-looking creature. Its face was as big as a small flower-pot saucer; it had two monstrous ears and a long hooked beak, and looked at us more in pity than in anger out of two great big brown eyes. Our leader was the first to find his tongue, and whispered, "Let's photograph him;" and, suiting the action to the words, he raised his camera to take a snap-shot; but Mr. Owl, smiling blandly, winked a comprehensive wink at us all, and quietly sailed over the hedge.

The sun was now getting low, and warned us to hasten homewards, if we wished to be in time for dinner.

One of the famous "bits" in the neighbourhood is the Silent Pool, at Albury. So next day we took the train from Guildford to Chilworth, about three miles distant, and walked thence to the Pool. Our road followed the course of a rippling trout stream and led us through the quiet little village of Albury. The Chapel of St. Martha, perched high up on its hilly home, was constantly in view. Albury is a sleepy little place, full of charming nooks and old-world corners—a veritable Eldorado for the artist; and we linger over many an entrancing view as we pass along its well-kept street.

After an hour-and-a-half's walk, we arrive at the cottage where the keys of the grounds are kept in which the Silent Pool is situated. These obtained, we unlock the gate and enter the narrow pathway, which is almost closed in with immense box-trees and other dense foliage. So subdued is the light, and so cold and chill the air, that we feel a sort of uncanny sensation come over us as we slip and trip along the narrow way. Then the twinkle of water deep down on our right calls our attention to the visit we are on; but this is not *the* pool. The one we are in search of is farther on, and presently we reach it, and consider our walk well repaid. The

water to-day does not appear so drear and ghostly as usual, for a bright sun lights up the silent depths, which throw back brilliant reflections of every tint of green and brown of the trees and azure blue of the cloudless sky. But there is not a ripple on the water, although a gentle breeze sways the over-hanging trees. It is well named "The Silent Pool."

A picturesque summer-house, built on piles, overhangs the Pool at one end.

A large number of enormous trout inhabit this lonely water. They are evidently of great age, as their scales are hidden beneath a blue mould, whilst their eyes protrude like those of a lobster. They are so tame that they swim right up to us as we gaze at them from the summer-house window. We throw in some broken pieces of biscuit and bread, which they rush at, flying half out of the water in their eagerness to snap up the proffered tit-bits.

It is needless, perhaps, to mention that these fish are never caught; there they remain from year to year, fitting genii of this uncanny spot.

There are many other lovely rambles to be made amongst the Surrey Hills, and those who are satiated with the ordinary sea-side trips will find there a complete contrast of scenery, exhilarating air and health-giving exercise.

HUBERT GRAYLE.

# A DEADLY WEAPON.

LEAVES FROM THE BUSH.

BY EDWIN HUGHES, B.A.

*Author of "An Apostle of Freedom," &c.*

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**S**CATTERED about Beresford's pleasant house in Bothwell, which I made my head-quarters during my long stay in Tasmania, were many curios, and I had but to select the one that took my fancy, and choosing the right moment hear the story attaching thereto.

One day I came upon a bottle containing what looked like part of a small snake, and while I was examining it, Beresford joined me.

"Ah!" said he, "you must ask the Doctor about that chap. He's coming to supper to-morrow night, and if we can only catch him in the right mood I know that the story will interest you."

Supper had come and gone; Mrs. Beresford had disappeared and left us to our mild dissipation; the Doctor's face was aglow with the satisfaction begotten of a pleasant meal, and the anticipation of a pipe; and Beresford's nod told me that now was a propitious moment.

"Can you smoke and talk at the same time, Doctor?" I asked.

He was a most cheery, genial man, beloved by everybody in the township, and I often wondered how it was that he had never entered into the bonds of matrimony, for he was in all respects just the man to make a model "head of the family."

"What do you want to hear?" said he, with a smile. "Can't you dig a yarn out of Beresford?"

"Well, I rather wanted to hear the history of that beast, Doctor," said I, pointing to the bottled snake on the sideboard.

"Well, Beresford ought to tell it," said he, "but I suppose his modesty won't let him, so, if you'll wait until I get my pipe going, I don't mind telling the yarn as well as I can;" and presently, when we were all comfortable, he began:—

"Some few years back a good many Indian officers came to settle in the Colony and took up grants of land, and amongst those who came to these parts was General Linton. He took a house in Hobart, where he lived in the winter, and came up here for the summer to a place about six miles away. I daresay in your rambles you have seen it—a big square-built, freestone house, with a lot of out-buildings and huts around it. It was well known that the General was a very wealthy man, and we often wondered why he came to settle here instead of in

England. But, of course, that was his business and not ours; and though he was a peppery customer when you ruffled him, he was very much liked on the whole, and there was quite a stir in the township when it was known that the family were to be at The Grange, as he called his place, to celebrate the coming of age of his only son.

"It was to be a grand affair, and the Governor of the Island was to be there, and many other notables, and such of us has had received cards took care to stick them somewhere where everyone could see them, and old Delaney, the magistrate, nearly wore his through with taking it out of the envelope.

"I must tell you that this is a remarkably healthy place, where, as a rule, people seem to die only of old age, and as a matter of fact the Doctor I succeeded is here now, and talks about himself as the most protracted case he's ever had anything to do with. He's been dying these twenty years past, and when I saw him the other day he sat up and remarked that it was nothing but his confounded constitution that kept him alive, although I must say, *pace* the Doctor, I think it's this glorious climate.

"Well, I have told you this, to make you understand that as often as not my days are a blank as far as seeing patients goes, and on the particular Tuesday evening upon which my story begins, my day book lay open on the desk in the surgery just as I had left it in the morning, and under the *Dies Martis* written in my boldest hand across the top of the page no entry whatever appeared. I shut the book with a bang, little dreaming what the next entry in it was to be, and strolling down the drive I leant over the gate that opens into the street. Suddenly I heard the sharp strokes of a horse at full gallop.

"'Behind the horseman sits black care,' I muttered. 'It's a thousand to one he's coming for the Doctor,' and a few seconds later the head groom from The Grange pulled up in front of the gate. 'Hallo! What's the matter Higdon?' I called out, noticing the scared look on the man's face.

"'Lord, sir! Miss Beryl's maid's been bit with a serpent.'

"'Bitten with a serpent!' I echoed. 'What on earth do you mean?'

"'Just what I say, sir. Miss Beryl, she sent me off in a hurry, and I was to fetch you at once.'

"'Here! Come round with me to the stables,' said I, 'and you can tell me the particulars while we saddle the mare.'

"'Don't wait for that, sir,' said Higdon. 'Jump on this hoss. He's a bit blown, but steady him as far as the church corner and then take him as fast as you like.'

"'One minute, Higdon! How do they know that the girl was bitten by a snake?'

"'Goddard and Marston see it, but they couldn't ketch it—and—but don't wait, for the Lord's sake, sir, don't.'

"I ran into the house and snatching up a syringe and taking whatever else I could think of on the spur of the moment as being likely to be useful I was soon in the saddle, and steadyng the horse until I reached the last house in the street, and was on the straight road, I put him at full stretch. The hall door at The Grange was wide open. Someone took the horse and I was hurried up the stairs to the girl's room, where I found everything topsy-turvy. The carpet had been rolled up; the bed-clothes lay in a heap in one corner; the bedstead had been pulled out from the wall; and most of the chairs were knocked over. Miss Linton, in all the splendour of evening dress, stood at the foot of the bed, and beside her, with a face as white as his shirt front, was one of the visitors. Goddard, the butler, was standing near the door, with a light cane in his hand, whilst Marston, the coachman, sat huddled up on the only chair that was left standing, staring in front of him, with such a look of unutterable horror as I had never seen on human countenance. One glance at the bed explained his terrible emotion, for there, wrapped in a loose gown, with her left arm bare, lay his daughter, her face frozen into a look of horror

as though death had come upon her at the moment of recognition of some deadly peril.

"I looked round for an explanation. It was Miss Linton that spoke.

"'Oh! Dr. Steele!' she cried. 'Such a terrible thing has happened! Goddard and Marston were in the pantry when they heard a fearful shriek, and rushing up, they saw —— Goddard tell Dr. Steele what you saw.'

"The butler looked at me with all the starch and stateliness completely taken out of him.

"'It was this way, sir,' said he; 'when we heard the scream, we rushed



"I WAS HURRIED UP TO THE  
GIRL'S ROOM."

upstairs, and Marston, he got in first, and he roars out "A snake! a snake!" and then I saw Bessie sitting on the side of the bed, with something grey coiled round her arm, and while we were looking it undid itself and slipped off,

and we've hunted everywhere, but it's gone,' and he stared round the room as though expecting to see the reptile crawl out from some corner. I had had many opportunities of witnessing the effects of snake bites, and I looked at once for the marks of the punctures where the deadly fangs had penetrated, thinking the while of the mysterious presence of the snake, and the further fatalities that might happen if we did not find it soon. I could discover no marks! By force of habit I laid my fingers on the girl's wrist, but could feel no throb of life. Dropping the pulseless arm, I placed my hand over her heart. Suddenly under my fingers I

felt something writhe and squirm, and the flat, wicked head of a snake was thrust out above the neck of the girl's gown.

"I started back to where the butler stood. Marston, the coachman, was sitting in such a position that he alone, of those in the room, was unable to see what had caused my sudden movement. I snatched the cane from Goddard, and turned to the bed again. In that brief interval Marston had thrown himself on his daughter's body, and was covering her face with kisses.

"I think that the horror of the thing must have smitten us all dumb and motionless, and for the few seconds during which I felt its sway, I can remember hearing quite plainly the sharp ticking of the little travelling clock on the mantelpiece. Then I sprang at the man and pulled him off, and as I did so I saw a thin grey line hanging from his very lips, and I cut and slashed at it until it lay a writhing, broken mass on the floor. One glance, and I recognised the deadly whip-snake, little more than eighteen inches long and scarcely thicker than one's finger.

"I knew that every second was precious.

"Marston had reeled back into the chair.

"I took a bistoury from my pocket-case, and lifting his head, without a moment's hesitation cut out a triangular piece from the bottom lip, just where the snake had been hanging, and let the wound bleed freely. Then I turned to Miss Linton and gently put her from the room. I saw that the snake was quite dead, and pushing it into a corner I gave directions that it should be left there until I could take it away, as it would form a valuable 'piece of evidence' at the inquiry that I knew must perforce be held.

"I dressed the coachman's wound when I considered it safe to do so, and summoning help I had him carried to another room, and there through the greater part of the night I and Miss Linton—for the brave girl would not leave the bedside—fought a stand-up fight with death. It was strange that the two who had, as it seemed certain, been bitten exhibited symptoms that were not such as one would expect to find in a case of snake-bite. I had no doubt that the girl had died from shock before the symptoms had had time to develop, and the father seemed like to succumb in the same way; but, happily, the remedies employed restored the heart's action, and towards morning I considered it safe to let him sleep. He was then showing no signs of poison, and this I attributed to the fact that he had received the second bite, and that I had probably removed the greater part of the virus before it had time to stir in his veins.

"I hadn't seen much of Beresford until the inquest, for he had only come to the township a few months before the events of which I have been telling you. Well, he was made foreman of the jury, and a nice time he gave me of it with his cross-questioning. He pressed me closely as to the cause of death.

"'Do you say, Doctor,' he asked, 'that Bessie Marston died from the bite of a snake?'

"I could not conscientiously say that she had, for the most careful examination had failed to reveal any traces of the fangs having penetrated the skin.

"'No,' I replied, 'in my opinion she died from shock.'

"'And with regard to the coachman,' said he; 'was he suffering from snake poisoning?'

"'I think not,' I said; 'I fancy that I removed the virus before it had time to circulate.'

"'Still,' he went on, 'you might have expected to find some symptoms?'

"'Well, perhaps yes!' I replied, 'in a modified form; but none occurred, and I think that he, too, was suffering from shock.'

"There could be but one verdict, namely, that Bessie Marston died from shock, occasioned by the presence of a snake, concerning which there was no evidence to show how, or by whom, it had been brought into her room.

"Poor Marston was particularly anxious to follow his daughter to her last resting-place, and on the morning of the funeral I rode out to see him; and I had no doubt that I should be able to give the desired permission, for he had recovered in a surprising manner and, indeed, was suffering from nothing but the wound the bistoury had made, and this I deemed was not sufficiently bad to keep him away.

"I was riding leisurely along, about a quarter of a mile from The Grange, when a groom met me at full gallop. He shouted as he went by, but I could make nothing of what he said, and hurrying on I caught sight of Miss Linton standing on the hall steps. She hastened to meet me.

"'Dr. Steele,' she cried out 'I think we are under a curse. Last night the house was broken into, and plate, jewels, heirlooms—all have gone. Father is nearly mad. Do go and see him.'

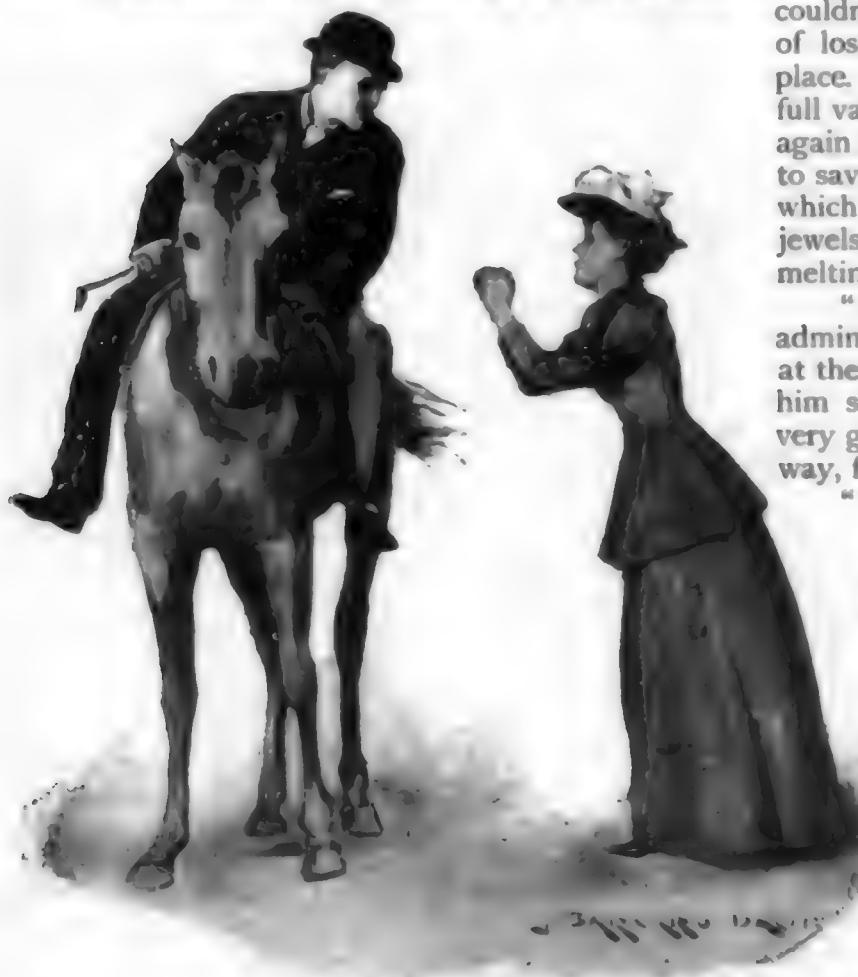
"I found the General pacing up and down his dressing-room and it was some time before he was calm enough give me any details. The facts, briefly put, were as follows: The man who usually called Goddard, could get no answer to his repeated knocks, and on breaking open the door they found the butler gagged, and bound to his bed. The plate chest was empty, and the only explanation Goddard could give, was that when he awoke he was in the condition in which he was found. When an examination was made upstairs it was seen that the most valuable of the ladies trinkets had disappeared, but the crowning loss of all was discovered when on opening the safe in his room the General saw that the diamonds and other jewels, that he had brought from India, had been stolen.

"'I was a fool, Doctor,' said he, 'to bring them here, but I thought that there couldn't be the least danger of losing them in this quiet place. I would give their full value to have them back again in their entirety, so as to save the settings, some of which are as valuable as the jewels themselves, from the melting-pot.'

"I saw a chance of administering comfort, and at the same time of giving him something to do, two very good antidotes, in their way, for grief.

"'Tell the thieves, General, what you have just told me,' said I, 'and you will probably get your jewels back. Advertise in the terms you have just mentioned in the big colonial papers at once.'

"'By Jove, Steele! that's a capital idea! Upon my word I could almost overlook the theft if I



"I THINK WE ARE UNDER A CURSE"

got them back again.' At this moment we heard the sound of wheels, and in the midst of the commotion and distress that had fallen upon the household, came the mournful equipage that was to take the girl to the churchyard.

"I haven't seen Marston this morning, Doctor," said the General, "but if you see him tell him that I sympathise with him most deeply, and that we have made every arrangement for him to go away for a month to Hobart, or wherever he likes, as soon as you give him permission to do so. They tell me that he was found this morning, sobbing as if his heart would break, in the room where they had placed his daughter. Poor fellow! No reward can bring back his brightest jewel."

"In the excitement I had forgotten the object of my visit, and when presently I left the General and hurried downstairs I found that I was too late to see my patient, for he had already taken his place in the one mourning-coach, and as it passed me I recognised through the closed window the bent form of the sorrowing father.

"Two days afterwards I considered Marston well enough to travel, and he left for Hobart with the shadow of his sorrow still dark upon him. On the evening of his departure I was sitting in the consulting-room, when Beresford was shown in.

"And now," said the Doctor, "having brought the yarn to this point, I think you ought to take it up, Beresford." But when we looked across to where Beresford had ensconced himself in a comfortable chair, we saw that his pipe had slipped from his lips and lay on his knees, and his closed eyes and placid face told us that he was fast asleep.

"Oh, well," said Steele, "I suppose I must go on:—

"Well, when he came in I bade him be seated, and I expressed the hope that he hadn't come to see me as a patient.

"Well, no, Doctor; not in that capacity, thank goodness," said he. "I am sorry to take up your leisure time"—though he needn't have been, had he known how much of that commodity I had to spare—"but, the fact is, that you are the only man in the township who can help me. If you are busy I can call again."

"I made him understand at once that I wasn't in the least busy, and should be only too glad to be of assistance if I could.

"Thank you," said he, producing a paper. "I have a short article here that I should like you to look at, or perhaps it would be better if I read you the fag-end of it, and leave the paper."

"I nodded to him to proceed, and I know every word of what he read to me by heart.

"Here it is," said he. "It has, therefore, been deemed advisable to put off the last sad rites for two days, during which time it is hoped that the medical experts will have decided whether life is extinct or not." They seem to think, he went on, fixing me with his keen eyes, "that it may be a case of suspended animation. Did you ever come across such a case, Dr. Steele?"

"Never," said I.

"Do you believe that there ever has been one?" he asked, and he listened eagerly for my answer.

"Well! one can't help believing so," said I, "seeing that we have it on the very highest authority that such cases have occurred," and little by little he drew me on by a series of questions to give him my opinion as to what would happen to a person who had been buried in such a condition.

"Then I gather," said he, rising, "that since the respiration is so entirely, or almost entirely suspended, in these cases it wouldn't make much difference to the persons, however confined the space might be in which they were lying, provided of course, that they were released before they recovered their faculties."

"Well! thank you very much for your opinion, Doctor, I'll leave the paper. Ah! that's the snake that did all the mischief at The Grange, isn't it?" and he

pointed to that very jar that stands over there now. He took it up and stood turning it round and round in his hands.

"Do you know, Doctor," said he, "I'm very much interested in the animal kingdom in general, and snakes in particular, but somehow I've never examined the arrangement of the poison gland. Of course I've seen plenty of plates. I wonder now if, as a very great favour, you could just point out the fangs in this fellow?" He had such a 'do-now-please' manner about him that I could not refuse his request.

"There's no use in preserving the thing," said I, "and so I'll just take the head off and show you," and suiting the action to the word I cut off the head, and pressing the jaws open with a pair of forceps pointed to the spot where he would find the fangs. He took it nearer the window.

"I'm dreadfully stupid, Doctor," said he, "for I can't see anything like they represent in the plates."

I bent over the object and stared at it. There were no fangs! I got a lens and examined it closely. No, there was neither fang nor gland, but in the place where they should have been was a white mark.

"You were quite right then, Doctor," said Beresford. "The girl did not die of snake-bite, and the father didn't show any symptoms, because there was no poison to affect him. Well, I'm glad that's cleared up. Now if the girl did not die of snake-bite she died of shock, that is," he added, looking me straight in the eyes and speaking very slowly, that is '*if she died at all!*' I must really go now, Doctor. I'll leave the paper and you can read the whole article. Thank you very much for your explanations," and leaving me still staring at the fangless head, he made for the door.

"I hardly know how long I sat there thinking. Presently the newspaper, neatly folded so that the article on suspended animation was uppermost, caught my eye. I took it up and began to read it, at first mechanically, but as I read I became more and more interested in it. It was an account of a case which, although not exactly on all fours with Bessie Marston's, yet resembled her's in some points very closely. The man had received a sudden shock; a week passed, and even at the end of that time the medical men were unable to say whether he was alive or not, since some of the tests applied gave indications that life had not yet passed away.

"Great Heavens! What if Marston's daughter had not been really dead? I remembered how life-like she looked when I last saw her; and, indeed, a remark to that effect had been made by one of the jury. It was clear that she had received no fatal injury from the snake. Then I remembered what Beresford had said with regard to respiration. If the girl had been in that state so vaguely described as 'trance,' she might possibly be in the same condition yet. The moment of recovery, or of the renewal of life's action, might not have occurred, and, as Beresford surmised, the limited supply of air would not have produced any serious effect, seeing that no signs of respiration had been detected. To be sure I had not tried any of the nicer tests that had lately come into vogue, and calling to mind how life-like the girl really looked, I gradually worked myself up into a bewildering



"THERE WERE NO FANGS"

pitch of anxiety. Ought I to let the matter rest as it was? Or ought I to satisfy myself that she was indeed dead, and so settle for ever a doubt that might easily present itself to me, in course of time, as a reality?

"I put on my hat, and went out into the gathering darkness to think it over. Looking across towards the Vicarage, I saw the lamps that had just been lit, shining through the study windows. Here was the very person to help me, a man whom I might with advantage consult; for, besides being a kindly clergyman, the Vicar was a magistrate, and a sharp, shrewd man of the world. I had very little difficulty in arousing his most lively interest in the matter, and, indeed, he soon became to the full as eager as myself that all doubts should be set at rest, and that as speedily as possible. There was but one way to compass our end; but so thoroughly in earnest were we, and so fearful of losing moments that were now so precious, that we decided to take upon ourselves the responsibility of exhuming the body. On our way to the sexton's cottage, we met Beresford, and after a hurried conference with the Vicar, I called him back, and told him our errand.

"In the interests of humanity, I shall join you with pleasure," said he. "I am only too pleased that you have looked at the case in the same light as myself; and together we roused up the sexton, and the four of us held a conference as to ways and means.

"We arranged that the vestry would be the most fitting place in which to make the examination, and having settled to meet at eleven o'clock, I went home to make such provisions as I thought proper, in view of our finding Bessie Marston in a state of suspended animation.

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"The daylight was creeping back when we began the task of undoing the undertaker's work. The last screw came away, and the lid only remained in its place by virtue of the pressure to which it had been submitted. I took up a chisel to prise it open. Beresford walked away, and stood looking at me, with his back to the fire that I had deemed it advisable to light. The Vicar's hands were so tremulous with his excitement, that he could do nothing to help me; and the sexton, forgetting all social distinctions in that supreme moment, held the light in one hand, and rested the other on the clergyman's shoulder. I pulled myself together and made my effort. With a sudden creak the lid gave way, and slipped off and we beheld—The face of Bessie Marston?—No. We were gazing at a collection of jewel cases, with here and there the gleam of silver shining up through the intervals between them!

"Beresford's voice broke the silence.

"Well Doctor!" he drawled out. "What's your opinion? Is it a case of suspended animation, or a case of plate and diamonds?"

• • • • •  
"I really believe we should have been standing there until now, so utterly surprised were we, had not Beresford taken matters in hand.

"We've found the plunder," said he, "and now we've to find Bessie Marston and see what condition she's in. Do any of you happen to know the father's address in Hobart?"

"None of us knew.

"Well, then," said he, turning to the Vicar, "do you, sir, get to The Grange as soon as possible, tell them of our discovery, find out Marston's address, and send it on to Melton to be telegraphed to me to the Post Office, Hobart Town. The sexton can stay here and mind this "case of jewels" until the General takes it over; and as for you, Doctor, what do you say to joining me in my ride? If we start at once we can make The Ponds in time to catch Tommy Mills' coach, and I know that, for the sake of "auld lang syne," he'll put us along and get us into town as soon as possible."

"I knew that my mare was in fine fettle, and the morning gallop was exactly to my fancy, and so leaving the sexton to keep watch, we hurried off.

"You can make a cold breakfast, Doctor, I hope?" said Beresford; "and when the nags have had some corn they can bring them round to my place."

"And presently, when I had given the necessary orders, I joined Beresford, and while we were waiting for the horses I asked him to forgive my curiosity, and to tell me how it was affairs had taken so strange a turn. He gave me an explanation that showed me pretty plainly that in coming to Bothwell he was indeed hiding his light under a bushel.

He had gone out to The Grange when he heard of the robbery and representing to General Linton the official capacity in which he had formerly acted, had offered his services, and luckily the General gave him a free hand. It seems that Marston's face was in some way familiar to Beresford, but good as he is at remembering men whom he has once met, he could never make out why he seemed to know The Grange coachman. The first thing he did was to ask for particulars concerning Marston and his daughter, and he learned that the former had been coachman for nearly a year, and had given great satisfaction, whilst the latter had only been taken into the service about six weeks before, and that she had come on the recommendation of her father to take the place of Miss Beryl's maid, who had been suddenly seized with illness. Then Beresford examined Bessie's room, and in one of her boxes he picked up a piece of evidence that settled the identity of the respectable coachman, for he found an old photograph that told him that Marston and Dawling, one of the most desperate convicts that had ever broken loose, were the same personages. He invented some excuse for getting Marston—as I shall continue to call him—from the room where the supposed daughter lay, for the fellow had insisted upon having a bed made up in that very apartment, and when Beresford overhauled it, he found the paper containing the account of the suspended animation case that he had read to me. Under Marston's bed was a curious apparatus, nothing more nor less than an electric battery, and on making enquiries he found that there were two or three of them in the house. Although there were external evidences of the burglary, such as the ladder against the broken window, and so on, Beresford came to the conclusion that it had been entirely done from within. It would weary you if I told you all the subtle reasoning he brought to bear upon the case, but that he was right in his conclusions he had proved up to the hilt. There was one



"WE WERE GAZING AT ——"

matter that still puzzled him, and that was the presence of the snake, 'But,' said he, as we heard our horses walking up to his gate, 'when we lay hands on Mr. Dawling, perhaps he will be able to explain how the animal came there.'

"I had caught up my light riding-whip, and Beresford had taken the hunting crop that he nearly always carried, and was making for the door, when he suddenly stopped.

"'What's the matter?' I asked.

"'That poor sexton,' he said, 'won't be having too comfortable a time of it in that dreary church. We'll run up and have a look at him before we start.' Our horses were standing outside. 'Tom,' said Beresford, calling his groom to him, 'do you and the Doctor's man get up and ride as hard as you can go, past the church and out on the Den Road. Go about a mile, and then come back by the fields to the vestry. Up with you and be off;' and before I had recovered from my surprise the two men were riding up the street at a break-neck pace.

"The sun had not yet risen, but there was light enough to see the look of determination on Beresford's face.

"'Come on the shady side of the street,' said he, 'and tread softly.'

"The church door was wide open when we reached it, although I remembered perfectly well that we had closed it. The vestry was at the far end, and looking over Beresford's shoulder as we entered, I saw the light from the lamp flowing through the open door at the upper end of the church, until suddenly it was obscured, and the form of a man stood in the doorway. Beresford gripped my arm.

"'Keep quiet,' he whispered, 'and follow me;' and we slipped up the aisle like a pair of ghosts.

"All at once we heard a cry of horror. Beresford rushed forward, and nearly falling over a hassock that had strayed from its pew, and dropping my whip, I followed as fast as possible. I heard a smothered oath as I reached the door, and looking in I saw Beresford grappling with a man. The sexton was standing by the table with his hand resting on one side of what has been euphemistically called 'the Jewel Case,' and creeping towards him was a gray wriggling object that showed up in the light of the lamp as the body of a deadly whip-snake. The head of it was within a few inches of the hand that the paralysed man seeming incapable of moving. I made a clutch at it, and catching it by the tail, whirled it round and flung it against the wall, and as it fell I stamped upon it until I crushed all the life out of it, and when I looked round the sexton lay in one corner in a dead faint, and Marston lay in another stunned by a blow from Beresford's hunting-crop. We got our prisoner conveyed safely to the lock-up, and the next day there was arrested at the address where Marston was supposed to be staying, a youth, who turned out to be no other than the Bessie Marston whose supposed death had created so great a commotion. Such pressure was brought to bear upon her, as induced her to turn Queen's evidence, and her explanations made matters clear. She was not Marston's daughter, but had been concerned with him in one or two big burglaries. When Marston succeeded in breaking bounds he had concealed his identity so effectually, and had, moreover, with the girl's assistance concocted such good testimonials, that General Linton had at once engaged him. Then, when the grand opportunity of reaping so rich a harvest had come, he had succumbed to the temptation, and to help him in his fell designs he had contrived the deadly weapon of a snake. The girl had that terrible dread of 'the serpent' that is inborn in most of us, but Marston, having removed the poison gland and fangs of one of the two creatures he had caught, showed her that it was perfectly harmless, and explained to her that if they were interrupted they had only to slip a snake upon the disturber, and in the confusion get back to their own rooms. He did not 'disarm' the snake he intended for his own use, and had it struck the sexton a fatal result would in all probability have ensued. The reptile that had been entrusted to Bessie Marston, as she called

herself, slipped out of its box whilst she was trying to accustom herself to handle it; but she was so overcome with horror when the thing coiled round her arm, that although she knew it was harmless, she shrieked out and fainted. Marston's grief was all simulated. He never believed that the girl was dead, but my practical surgery gave him a pretty severe shock. He had found the electric battery in the library, and, although when he tried it his hopes had gone down to zero, he was successful in breaking the chains of the trance that held her.

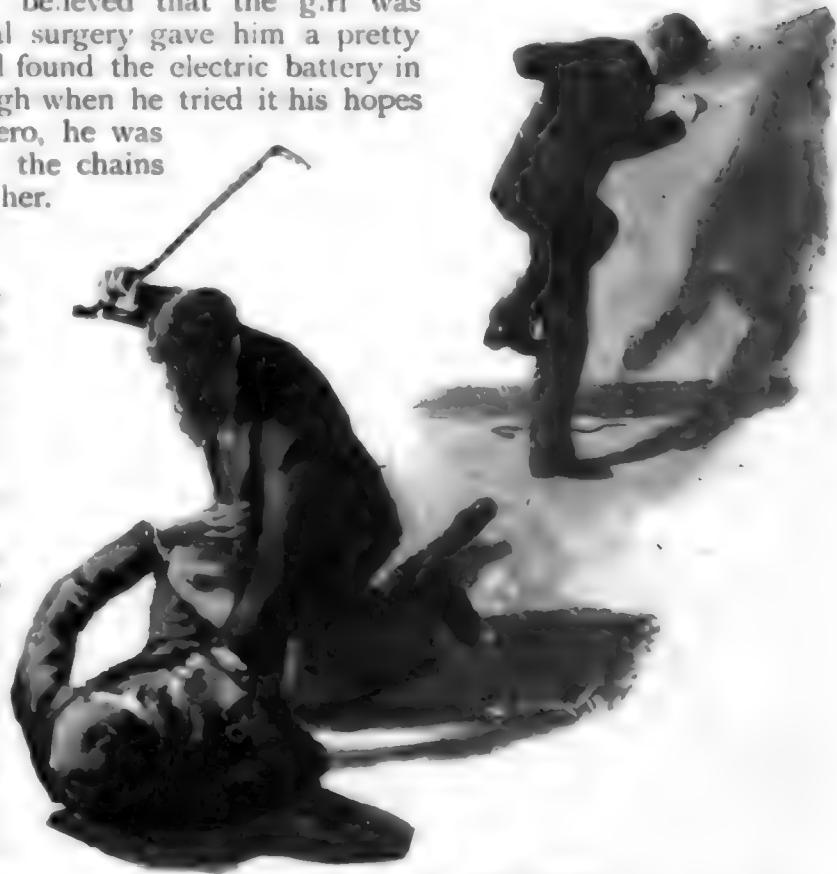
"You can easily imagine the rest. Marston drugged the butler, and between them he and the girl plundered the house at their leisure, for they had keys for every door. It was quite an inspiration of Beresford's that took us back to the church, for it had suddenly occurred to him that, in the event of Marston's having left someone to watch the precious grave, we had, by leaving the sexton all alone, given that someone the chance of once more stealing the valuables.

And so it all ended up happily, for our prisoner was taken care of for life. The Governor came to grace the festivities with his presence, and one of the most honoured guests at the gathering was our friend yonder, who seems so perfectly happy at the present moment."

The Doctor cut short my thanks.

"I say, Beresford," he called out, "my glass has run low."

"I'm very sorry," said Beresford, rubbing his eyes, "but you've got such a sweet voice, Doctor, and I'm so tired after our long ride to-day, that I really believe I was fast asleep."



"STAMPED UPON THE WHIP-SNAKE"





## *Women of Note.*



*(Photo by Russell & Sons.)*

### **PRINCESSE HELENE D'ORLEANS.**

**H**T is not always the fate of those possessing great riches and exalted rank to make a matrimonial alliance in which the affections play a prominent part. But that the union of Princesse Hélène d'Orléans and the Duc d'Aosta, will prove in all respects a happy one, there is little reason to doubt, for it is the result of a mutual regard and sympathy of tastes, which is, after all, the only safe and sure foundation upon which can be built that complex structure, married life. The betrothal recently took place at the Duc d'Aumale's chateau at Chantilly, and according to present arrangements the marriage will be celebrated early in

June at the Church of St. Raphael, at Kingston-on-Thames, where the Comte and Comtesse de Paris were married, and which was the scene of their silver wedding. The bride is a loyal Catholic and a great favourite of Pope Leo XIII. and it is expected that members of the English, Danish and Italian Royal Families will be present at the wedding, also the Queen of Portugal, Princesse Hélène's elder sister. As niece, by marriage, of King Humbert, the future Duchesse d'Aosta will occupy an important position at the Italian Court. The principal residence of the Duc and Duchesse for the present will be in Turin, where a splendid suite of apartments has been prepared in the Palazzo Cisterna.



*[Photo by Russell & Sons]*

#### PRINCESS AРИBERT OF ANHALT-DESSAU.

The elder daughter of Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and the wife of Prince Aribert of Anhalt-Dessau, was born on August 12th, 1872, and spent her girlhood at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor, one of as happy a family group as could be found in the three Kingdoms. Princess Louise and her sister were principally educated by Germans, under the wise supervision of their mother. Both possess considerable linguistic ability, and have that love for music which

distinguishes so many members of the Royal Family. Another trait which she has inherited is that soft, clear voice which forms one of Princess Christian's greatest attractions. Dext in the use of the needle, and an expert in domestic arts, she is popular in her German home, where a woman, whatever her rank, is expected first of all to be a clever *hausfrau*. Princess Louise is fond of animals, a good horse - woman and delights in outdoor sports, particularly tennis. She has a tall figure, fair hair and complexion, and pretty grey eyes which beam with intelligence, and her amiable disposition makes her a general favourite with all who know her Royal Highness intimately.

The handsome palace occupied by Prince and Princess Aribert of Anhalt-Dessau in Berlin was presented to them on their marriage by the Prince's father, as his military duties compel his residence in the capital. Princess Louise's husband is the fourth son of the Duke and Duchess of Anhalt-Dessau, whose duchy comprehends Anhalt-Dessau, Anhalt-Coltheu and Anhalt-Bernbourg. The Schloss, which is the ancestral home of the Dukes of Anhalt, dates from the 14th century, and is situated on the banks of the Elbe. Dessau was a stronghold of the Lutheran faith at the Reformation, and has remained so to the present day.



Photo by Barreys, Ltd

LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

#### LADY RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

The bright and happy disposition of Lady Randolph Churchill has been temporarily clouded by a double affliction; the death of her husband in the prime of life followed by that of her mother, Mrs. Leonard Jerome, to whom she was

deeply attached, and who has recently fallen a victim to influenza. Though born at Brooklyn, New York, the subject of this brief sketch was educated in Paris and at an early age displayed unusual powers of mind and considerable musical and artistic talent. From the date of her marriage, 1874, Lady Randolph has identified herself with politics, and warmly interested herself in the Conservative cause. In a large measure the successful issue of the election when her husband was re-elected member for Woodstock in 1875, was due to her energetic canvassing and persuasive eloquence. Doubtless her indomitable perseverance and earnest encouragement had a decided influence on the brilliant career of the late Secretary of State for India. Few women possess so marked a personality, or occupy a public position with such tact and grace. Lady Randolph Churchill is one of the Queen's favourites and received from her Majesty the Order of the Crown of India. She is regarded as an intimate friend by the Prince and Princess of Wales, whose hospitality at Marlborough House and Sandringham she frequently enjoys. A handsome brunette and apparently possessing the gift of the gods, perennial youth, it is difficult to believe this lady has a son who has attained his majority; for her eldest child, Winston Leonard Churchill, was born in November, 1874, and his brother, John Winston Churchill, in February, 1880. Lady Randolph Churchill's two sisters, like herself, have both married Englishmen; one is the wife of Mr. Moreton Frewen and the youngest is Mrs. John Leslie, whose husband is the son of Sir John Leslie, Bart., of Glaslough, Monaghan.

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COUNTESS  
SPENCER.

To be the wife of a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and to fill that position with honour and



COUNTESS SPENCER

(Photo by Russell & Son:

dignity to oneself and satisfaction to the volatile inhabitants of the Emerald Isle is no sinecure, and only a woman like the Countess Spencer, who possesses exceptional qualities, could pass through such an ordeal successfully. The first term of office commenced in December, 1868. The Earl and Countess made a public entry into Dublin in January, 1869, and remained there till the resignation of the Gladstone Ministry in 1874. Their return on May 6th, 1882, will ever be associated with the assassination of two faithful servants of the Crown,



[Photo by Russell & Son.]

Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Thomas A. Burke, who were brutally murdered in the Phoenix Park, close to the Castle, on the evening of that day. Charlotte Frances Frederica, Countess Spencer, is the third daughter of Frederick Charles William Seymour by his second wife, Lady Augusta Hervey, and a grand-daughter of Admiral Lord Hugh Seymour. This lady is a Member of the Royal Order of Victoria and Albert, and is much beloved in the county of Northampton, where the family seat, Althorp Park, is situated, and which has been in the Spencer family for many generations. The Earl and Countess Spencer were married on July 8th, 1858. The Earl was Groom of the Stole to Prince Consort from 1859 to 1861 and is Lord

Lieutenant of Northamptonshire, and Chairman of the County Council. During his residence in Ireland the honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Dublin University.

GEORGINA, COUNTESS OF DUDLEY.

It is just thirty years, though it is difficult to credit the fact, since William, Earl of Dudley, married the third daughter of Sir Thomas Moncrieffe for his



*Photo by Russell & Son*

second wife, and brought her to Witley Court, Worcestershire, one of the handsomest of the stately homes of England, and furnished, in honour of his youthful bride, in the most sumptuous manner. Her husband's wealth and her fascinating manner and extreme beauty, for the Countess had a perfect figure, lovely complexion, and glorious eyes and hair, at once placed her in the foremost ranks of Society, and Dudley House, Park Lane, was the scene of many lavish entertainments during the late Earl's lifetime. The union resulted in a family of seven children—William Humble, the present Earl; John Hubert, born March 20th, 1870;

Robert Arthur, born February 23rd, 1871; Reginald, born June 11th, 1874; Cyril Augustus, born January 31st, 1876; Gerald Ernest Francis, born November 9th, 1877; and an only daughter, Lady Edith Amelia Ward, born September 16th, 1872, and married in January, 1895, to Lord Wolverton, of Iwerne Minster, Blandford, Dorset. During her widowhood, Georgina, Countess of Dudley, has occupied a handsome town house in Grosvenor Square, and one of her late husband's country seats, Himley Hall, Dudley.

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#### LADY BRASSEY.

Special interest will be felt in the portrait of Lady Brassey, whose prolonged absence from England as the wife of the Governor of Victoria is a source of profound regret to a large circle of friends. The Hon Sybil de Vere Capell is the daughter of Viscount Malden and the grand-daughter of the Earl of Essex. She married Lord Brassey, as his second wife, on September 18th, 1890, and has one child, Helen de Vere, born September 4th, 1894, who will accompany her parents to the Antipodes. Lord Brassey will receive a warm welcome in Australia, where he is extremely popular, having made the acquaintance of our Colonial cousins in his numerous cruises in the *Sunbeam*. These voyages were taken in the company of his first wife, who died in 1887, and whose writings on nautical subjects possess a permanent interest for all lovers of the sea. Lord Brassey was a Lord of the Admiralty from 1880 to 1884, besides being the first yachtsman who succeeded in obtaining a Board of Trade certificate. He was Lord in Waiting to the Queen and successfully contested the constituency of Devonport in 1865, and was returned member for Hastings in 1868, retaining this seat till 1886. The Brasseys can trace their lineage to the time of Edward III. The town house is 24, Park Lane, and both here and at Normanhurst, Surrey, may be seen many interesting curiosities gathered together from all parts of the world.

F. M. G.

# BY CHANCE



By G. OGILVY GRANT.

**T**WILIGHT was falling on the marshy banks of a creek in Northern Virginia. The water lapped with a slow, monotonous sound round the sunken and rotting tree-trunks and among the overhanging boughs of the willows. The evening breeze rustled and shivered sadly in the pine tops, and far up inland the lights from a planter's house began to gleam, one by one, through the dusk. Down at the waterside the sage bushes rustled softly as an arm was stretched out to part them, and a man dragged himself from their shelter and began cautiously to climb the bank, pausing at every sound to listen and peer about him through the gathering gloom.

A few days previously Jim Hadley, a Virginian and captain in Barksdale's regiment, had offered to undertake the dangerous mission of destroying or capturing the telegraph cable running along the coast line of Virginia, and now held by the Northern army, also of finding out as much as possible of the movements of the enemy and keeping those at head-quarters informed of the same.

Since the outbreak of the war Hadley had been the leader in more than one successful guerilla expedition, his ready coolness, resource and pluck in danger carrying him through difficulties where another man would have given up in despair; and General Barksdale consequently was only too glad to accept the offer and entrust him with the command of the expedition.

Up to that morning all had gone smoothly, and they had come off victorious in several skirmishes with the Yankees; but at noon that day, after running their boat in a creek and concealing her among the bushes, they had gone up to a pine plantation to rest and to wait for the cover of the dusk before going on their way. While there they were surprised by a detachment of Federals, and after making a short stand were forced to beat a hasty retreat to the boats under a sharp rifle fire. In the rush to the water Jim was separated from his party and found himself completely cut off from reaching them. To have attempted fighting single-handed

against such odds would have been madness, and Hadley could only pray for the darkness while he dodged six of his pursuers through the pine woods and scrub. But he succeeded at last in eluding them, and reaching a creek he lay down, breathless and exhausted, by the water to wait until sunset.

Under the friendly cover of the sage bushes he waited, slowly speculating over the fate of his companions: whether they had succeeded in getting off without much loss, and wondering when he would fall in with them again. It seemed to him, lying there with his nerves painfully on the alert for every sound, and only venturing to move occasionally to avoid the pools of water slowly accumulating round him, that the darkness would never come and the sun had never before been so long in setting.

But slowly the shadows grew deeper and denser, and the white mists crept up from the sea, and the frogs croaked loudly on the marshy banks, and then, with his limbs cold and cramped and his heavy cavalry boots clogged with mud, he ventured to raise himself and grope his way cautiously up the swampy banks.

Reaching the top, he paused to take his bearings. To the right lay the planter's house, its lights twinkling dimly through the mists. He looked at it wistfully. There had been a time when to go there would have meant a warm Virginian welcome; when hands would have taken his in a friendly grip, and kindly voices have greeted him heartily.

But that was before the dark cloud of war had settled over the land. All had changed now: the planter's family was scattered. The wife and daughters had moved into Richmond. One son was fighting with the Southern army, the other had fallen on the banks of the Rappahannock, in the battle of Fredericksburg. The old homestead had passed away from them, and was now taken possession of, and held as a temporary head-quarters by the Federals.

No, he could no longer look there for a shelter, and, with a sigh, he turned and stumbled away, hoping to have the good fortune to fall in with his comrades, or at least to find some drier quarters than the marshy sides of the creek.

But fate was against him. Skirting the curve of a bluff he found himself almost in the arms of a party of Union soldiers.

It was too late for retreat, and worn-out and desperate, he made an attempt to break through their lines and reach the cover of the bush beyond. But the Unionists had been on the alert, and hampered as he was by his wet clothes and heavy boots, he was quickly made prisoner, and found himself, with his arms pinned to his sides, between two privates, while another quietly covered him with his rifle. Resistance was useless; there was nothing for it but to yield sullenly to the inevitable.

A short discussion followed as to his disposal. One or two were for hanging him on the spot, but these were overruled by the officer in command, who ordered his removal to head-quarters.

And so he was led back again along the way he had just come—past the tall, sombre pines and the empty drying-sheds, past neglected fields and plantations, and broken-down fence rails, until they reached the open space before the white two-storied house, whose lights he had seen from his hiding-place down by the creek.

The officer passed into a room to make his report, leaving his prisoner under a guard in the hall.

Jim looked about him listlessly while he waited. A gleam of light shone through a half-open door on the bare wood floor, whose once brightly-polished surface was dulled by the constant tread of heavily-booted feet. From the room came also the subdued sound of voices. He could hear nothing of what was said, but he guessed that his own fate was under discussion. He was no coward, yet he could not restrain a shiver of apprehension when he thought of what that fate might possibly be. He knew there were only two probable endings to that day's work. Either

sentence of death would be passed on him, or he would be sent to drag out long months of inactivity in one of the miserable Northern prisons. In the utter weariness of body and mind he found himself almost longing for the former. To stand up before a firing-party seemed at that moment more bearable than these awful minutes of suspense, this horrible uncertainty.

Yet life was very dear to him—it was hard to die while he was so young and strong, and so much remained that he might do. And then, too, in prison there was always the chance of escape.

He sat down wearily on a pine settle and leant his head on his hand. The chill, mist-laden Autumn air swept in at the open door. The two men left to guard him stood a short distance away, their rifles held with an easy carelessness that did not deceive their prisoner, who knew that the slightest attempt at flight would meet with a speedy and unpleasant check. At length an order came for the Southerner to be brought in, and Hadley was jerked to his feet and marched into the presence of the Colonel, an orderly on either side. He glanced round quickly as he entered. The room was low, dark, and wainscoted, with heavy beams running across the ceiling. A fire of logs smouldered on the open hearth and a badly-trimmed kerosene lamp threw a dim, uncertain light over the scene. A long, low table stood in the centre of the room. At it were seated three or four men—one at the head, the others at the side. The General was evidently not present, for the man at the head of the table wore a colonel's stars, and the others were officers belonging to the staff.

After the first glance Jim lowered his eyes and waited stolidly for the examination to begin. On entering he had caught a fragment of the conversation: "Destroying the telegraph communication . . . Read them a lesson . . . Only one—not worth sparing the men to take him to Point Lookout."

He knew the words referred to himself and in them he read his fate. His name and rank were asked in quick, peremptory tones and he gave the answer to each question quietly and indifferently. He knew sentence had been passed on him before he entered the room, and this enquiry was only gone through as a mere matter of form.

His eyes, after their first rapid survey, remained fixed on the ground, and he did not notice that at the first sound of his voice a man at the other end of the table had started slightly and was leaning forward, looking at him with keen, searching eyes. The lamplight fell full on the prisoner's face, and with a suppressed exclamation the other half rose from his chair, his sword clattering loudly on the bare floor.

One of the others turned and glanced at him enquiringly, but almost instantly he had resumed his former position, only drawing a little more into the shade and pulling his heavy military cloak higher about his face.

The court did not take long in coming to their final decision. After a short deliberation among themselves the President turned to the prisoner and informed him that, wishing to deal with his case as leniently as possible, they had decided that he should be given the chance of regaining his liberty on one condition: that of renouncing his allegiance to the Confederacy. But in the event of his refusing this alternative he was sentenced to be shot at daybreak the following morning.

In a cold and perfectly firm voice the Southerner answered that he intended remaining a Confederate as long as he lived.

"Which won't be long!" murmured the Colonel, smoothly. "Major," turning to a man on his left, "will you be good enough to see that the prisoner is guarded until the morning, and also to give the necessary orders with regard to the firing-party. And now, gentlemen, I think I need not detain you longer."

The officer in the cloak, who had been covertly watching Jim since he had heard his voice, now leant forward, and speaking for the first time, whispered a few words to the Major. The latter nodded in assent.

"In the room leading from yours?" he said in a low tone. "Yes, certainly, about the safest place—only that other outlet, and you have the key."

\* \* \* \* \*

The room which was to serve as a temporary guard-room was over the one in which the court-martial had taken place, and was reached from the passage through another of similar size. The furniture was simple to a degree, comprising a chair or two, a heavy black oak table, and a low camp bedstead. The walls were panelled and polished, their shining surface reflecting and throwing back gleams of light from the lantern carried by the men. Into this room Hadley was taken. Left alone he threw himself wearily into a chair, his legs stretched out to their full length and his hands clasped above his head. At his request he had been supplied with a candle, and presently he roused himself, remembering he had a task he must get through that evening. He must write to his wife to tell her of his fate, and to give a few instructions about his personal property and all he had to leave her. Poor little Milly! and as he thought of her his eyes grew misty for the first time and his lips trembled slightly beneath his moustache. Ah! that was the most bitter part of it all. When they had said "good-bye" that day a month ago how little either had realised *then* that the parting was to be for ever.

Taking a pocket-book from his tunic, he tore out a leaf or two and began to scrawl some lines in pencil. The words as they appeared on the paper seemed meaningless to him; he felt almost as if he were writing of someone else's fate rather than his own. Only as he folded the papers together and thrust them into the envelope he began in a dull way to realise all that they would mean to their reader.

He threw down the pencil and pushed the letter from him. What was the use of writing more. By doing so he could in no way soften the hard fact that when that letter reached her hands he would be dead. Poor little Milly! How she would read and re-read that scrawl—trying to get comfort from the sight of the words his hand had written. Well, he had known when he undertook the mission that this might be the ending to it, and regrets were useless now.

But, ah, it was hard to die—hard to die when life still held so much happiness—hard to leave the wife who had been his only those few short happy months. Was there no hope of escape? No chance of giving his captors the slip? He stared blankly across at the uncurtained window, through which the bright, white moonlight was streaming. Presently he rose and went towards it. Down below a sentry was tramping steadily to and fro. The moon gleamed on the roofs of the sheds and stables, and the courtyard and open space beyond was flooded with the coldly white light. Away in the distance, outlined sharply against the silvery grey sky, he could see a dark belt of pine trees. Those trees meant safety, but he knew he could never cross the open space which intervened, unperceived. On a dark night nothing would have been simpler than to crawl from the window to the porch, and from there to swing himself to the ground. But with a moon this plan was out of the question.

The only other outlet was by the door through which he had come, but behind that he could hear footsteps, and knew the room into which it led was occupied.

With a suppressed curse he sat down again at the table, resting his head on his hands. For the first time he began to realise that all hope was at an end, and that he was, indeed, trapped at last.

Five minutes later the door leading into the room was opened quietly, and, after a moment, someone entered. It was the officer who had spoken to the Major in the room below after the court-martial.

As Hadley raised his head inquiringly, he came forward into the circle of yellow light thrown by the candle. He had removed his cloak and cap, and stood before the other in his blue uniform.

For a moment they faced each other silently. Then the Federal spoke.

"I guess you didn't expect to meet *me* here," he said at length, slowly. "I knew you didn't recognise me down there, but I knew your voice the moment you spoke."

Hadley started, looked into his face for an instant, then sprang to his feet with a short cry.

"Woolsey!" he gasped. "Heathcote Woolsey!"

The other raised his hand with a warning gesture.

"Take care—you'll fetch some of them up here," he said sharply. The words recalled Hadley to the present. With a short, hard laugh he threw himself back in his chair again.

"No! I certainly never dreamed of seeing you to-night! Yet after all it's not so strange—I heard you were somewhere in these parts."

Woolsey had taken a seat opposite, and leaning his chin on his hands, fixed his eyes on the other's face.

"Do you know," he said reflectively, "I swore to shoot you on sight, if chance ever threw you in my way again."

The Southerner shrugged his shoulders. "I wouldn't trouble if I were you—you see it's a duty that will be successfully performed for you by others to-morrow morning."

"Woolsey!" he gasped.

He leant back in his chair, his hands in his pockets, and his eyes fixed listlessly on the window and moonlit landscape beyond.

"You might have put in a claim for an exchange," suggested Woolsey, abruptly, after a brief silence.

"The North exchange no prisoners now—you should know that as well as I—or better."

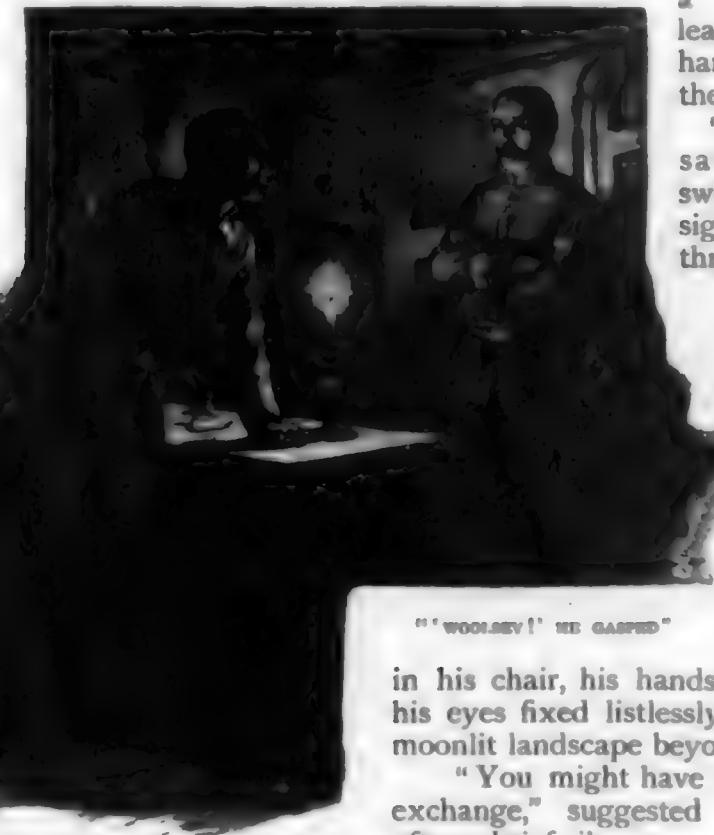
"Then you've no chance of escape?" said the Federal, thoughtfully.

"If you only came here to remind me of a fact of which I am perfectly aware, you might have saved yourself the trouble," returned the other man, irritably.

There was a short silence. Woolsey's glance fell on the directed letter lying on the table, and his colour changed as he altered his position slightly in order to read the address. Then he caught his breath sharply between his teeth and turned to his companion.

"My reason for coming," he began abruptly, and without looking at him, "was to remind you of—of—what is to happen in the morning. I came to make a proposition to you——"

He paused, but as the other did not speak he went on again with nervous rapidity.



"As I said before, there is absolutely no possibility of your escape. No possibility, except—by the merest chance. Yet, improbable as it may seem that such a thing should happen, that chance is before you now."

Still Hadley did not speak, but he moved slightly, drawing in his feet and leaning forward.

"What do you mean?" he asked at length, and though he tried to speak indifferently he could not altogether suppress the tremor of hope in his voice.

"I mean," said Woolsey, shortly, and rising as he spoke, "that by a strange chance we have met again, in a position in which, I suppose, neither of us ever expected to be placed—you as a prisoner, I as one of your guards—and that I am going to do what I can to help you to escape."

Hadley sprang from his chair. "You can't mean that!" he cried, half incredulously. "You—I—I don't deserve it from you, Woolsey, after—after *that*."

Woolsey turned on him sharply. "Don't mistake me," he said, curtly, "don't think I am doing it for *your* sake, for I am not. I am doing it for Milly—for *her* only," laying his hand for an instant on the letter lying on the table. "I don't mind telling you your fate is a matter of indifference to me. No, I can't say it's that either, for I would a good deal rather the court-martial sentence was carried out. I was *glad* when I heard that sentence; glad when I knew you were to die, and not to be sent to Point Lookout—and—and—then I thought of her." His voice fell a little at the last words. When he spoke again it was with a return to his former cold, unemotional tone. "And I made up my mind to get you out of this, if I could."

He did not tell the other the struggle it had been to come to this decision. The temptation it had been to leave him to his fate. He did not speak of the long fight in his room that evening between his love for the woman that was now Hadley's wife, his knowledge of all it would mean to her were the sentence carried out; and his desire for revenge on his successful rival—the man who had taken from him the only woman he felt he could ever care for. . . . Well, it had been a hard one and very bitter, but it was over now, and he was going to save this man that chance had thrown so strangely in his way again—to save him at the cost of relinquishing his long-waited-for revenge—of even more than that: his honour; it might be, his life.

"I have a suit of undress in my room," he went on, "and a forage cap. You will put that on; we are about the same height and build, so they're sure to fit. Over there in that corner is a door. No, I don't suppose you noticed it, it's let into the panelling. It opens on to a back-staircase, down which you will go to get out. You will probably be challenged, but I will give you the password, and, in the Federal uniform, there is very little reason why you should not get away in safety."

Jim's hand gripped the back of the chair nervously, and his colour came and went. However much indifference he had hitherto displayed regarding his fate, he could not now suppress his delight and relief as he saw this way of escape opening before him.

"But—but, Woolsey," he stammered, at length, "I never expected this from you. We have always been enemies, and I know I played you a mean trick about Milly. You were first, and if I hadn't come along and—"

"We needn't go into that again," interrupted the other man sharply; "we have to discuss your escape now, and that only. I'll fetch you the uniform, and in another hour you can be off—*vamos*—as soon as you like."

"I don't know how I can thank you enough," cried Jim, impulsively. "I reckon there ar'n't many men that would do it for a fellow who had done what I did. Yes, I know you're not doing it for my sake, but all the same it's more than good of you; for if I were out of the way, who knows—"

Woolsey turned away abruptly, without waiting for him to finish the sentence and went into the adjoining room. He returned presently with a bundle in his arms.

"I guess you'll get through our lines safely in that," he said, putting the clothes on the table. "The sentries will only think the chief has sent me off on some business; and you ought to fetch one of Barksdale's or Edwin Lee's detachments early in the morning—that is, if you don't get shot for a Fed. by some of your own fellows before then," he added, grimly.

"Say, you won't get into a mess for this yourself?" began Hadley, a little uneasily.

The Northerner's forehead contracted slightly.

"Don't concern yourself about me," he answered shortly; and in the first joy at the thought of deliverance Jim was only too glad to put all other considerations out of his head. "All you've got to think of is your own safety. You had better not leave for another hour; by that time the moon will have waned a little, and they will have finished changing the guard. Go down the side-staircase and don't make more row than you can help. There's the key of the door," throwing it on the table as he spoke and moving away.

"Good-bye," said Jim, huskily; "I shan't forget what you've done for me, and—and—can't we part friends?"

The words came from his heart, and he held out his hand as he spoke them. But Woolsey turned away without taking it, and went into his room. A few minutes later Hadley had removed his worn, tattered grey uniform and got into the blue. Then he took the letter from the table and put it inside his tunic. When that was finished there was nothing more to be done until the time came when it would be safe to leave. He moved restlessly from the table to the window, his nerves strained to a tension that would not allow him to keep still for any length of time.

"Will it ever get darker?" he muttered, pausing for a moment at the window, as the regular tramp of feet and the clatter of spurs told him the guard was being changed. "I almost feel inclined to risk it, and bolt now. Better to wait, though, I suppose; pity to ruin my last chance by a bad move at the end."

Feeling he must do something to distract his thoughts during the time of waiting which must elapse, he took the key from the table, and crossing to the position, indicated by Woolsey, of the door, ran his hand over the panelling until he found the lock.

The door opened noiselessly, and peering through the darkness beyond he could dimly see the outline of a stair which led downwards. Satisfying himself that he would be able to find his way without difficulty, he went back to his former position by the window. But again the fever of restlessness seized him, and he felt forced to return to his uneasy walk up and down the room.

Once he paused and looked at that other door behind which was Woolsey's room. He could not help a slight feeling of compunction at taking his freedom from the hand of the man he had wronged in the past, and a sudden longing to see him and thank him once more before he left took possession of him.

He bit his lip and hesitated, as he remembered the curt rejection of his overture of friendship. Yet, perhaps, it was asking too much to expect him to forgive. He owned that, placed in a similar position, he could not have acted as the Northerner had done; he knew he would probably rather have gloried, than otherwise, in his enemy's complete helplessness—that he certainly would not have put out a finger to save him.

He walked steadily across the floor to the adjoining room, and after listening a moment, turned the handle silently, and pushing open the door, looked in. Like his own, the room was lighted only by a single candle, the circle of brightness thrown by it quickly melting into the deep shadows in the corners and about the

heavy, old-fashioned furniture and bureaux, whose long, dim outlines were reflected in the polished floor.

But Hadley noticed none of the surroundings. He stood on the threshold, the handle of the door still in his hand, and his eyes fixed on the other occupant of the room—the man he had come to take leave of.

Woolsey was sitting at the table, one arm outstretched across it, the other folded under his bowed head. It was something in this position that made Jim still pause in the doorway, and look at him without speaking or announcing his presence in any way—an indefinable something which caused the blood to suddenly leave his face and his heart to beat in sharp, quick thumps.

And then, as though in a flash, the Southerner saw it all. He realised all the other was giving up in order that his life might be saved. He saw everything clearly now. He saw what, in the first joy at the prospect of a reprieve, had never entered his head—that in giving him his freedom Woolsey must suffer in his place. He would have to suffer the penalty for conniving at the escape of a prisoner of war, for putting into his hands the very means of flight.

He knew what the punishment of that offence would be in the South, and the military law of the North was even stricter in such cases. It meant death—or, at the very least, disgrace—loss of rank and honour; nothing less than that.

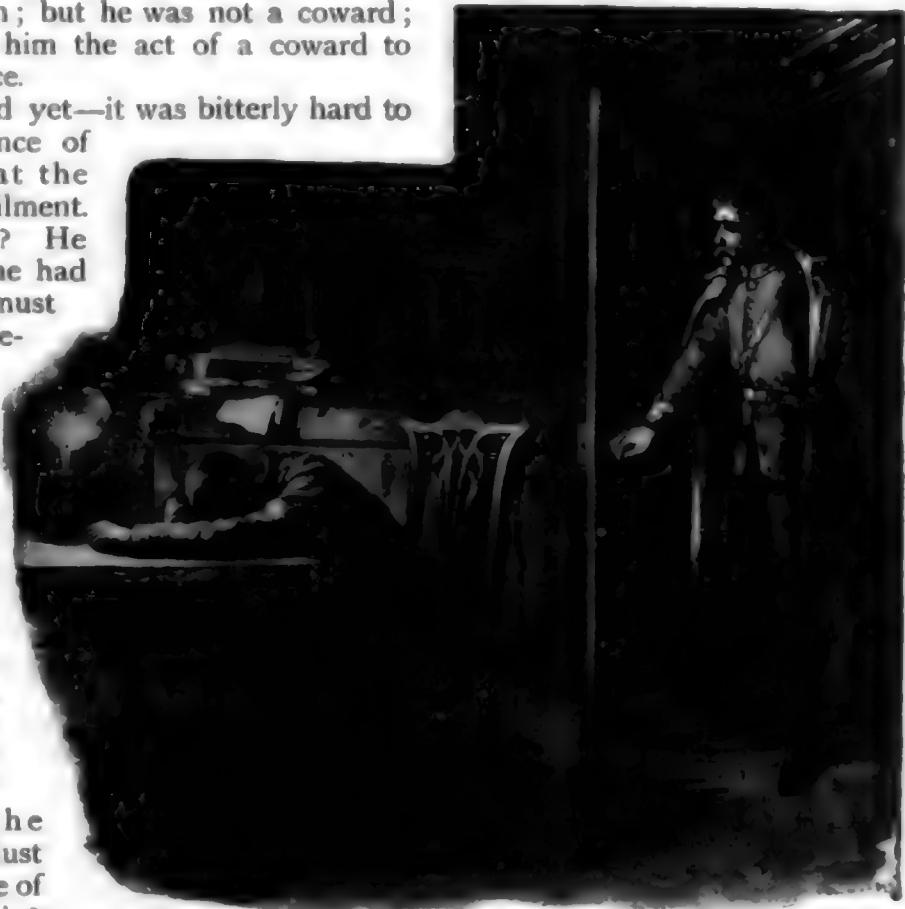
He leant against the door and his forehead grew cold and damp, and a mist gathered before his eyes as he tried to think.

He had taken much from this man in the past—was he to take yet more from him now—all that he had to give—his honour, perhaps his life? Hadley was not a good man—far from it, his principles were not of the highest order, and there were one or two acts in his life that he did not care to look back upon; but he was not a coward; and it seemed to him the act of a coward to accept this sacrifice.

And yet—and yet—it was bitterly hard to give up this chance of escape almost at the moment of its fulfilment.

Life or death? He knew that the time had come when he must make his choice between them—when he must choose between saving his life at the expense of another man's, or waiting there until the end.

Life or death? His hands were closely clenched, he seemed to grow blind and deaf to all around him while the struggle lasted. Must he give up all hope of seeing Milly again? Must he stay there



"ONCE MORE HE GLANCED AT THE MOTIONLESS FIGURE

and face his fate when such an easy way of escape lay open before him? Once more he glanced at the motionless figure at the table. Then he moved noiselessly into his room, closing the door again softly, without the other man having seen or heard him.

The soft candle-light fell on his blue uniform—he looked from it to that door through which he might pass to freedom?

Life or death? . . .

“Oh, my God!” he groaned, “it is hard.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Some time later Heathcote Woolsey pushed back his chair and rose slowly to his feet. For a moment or two he stood motionless, gazing straight before him, his face colourless and his eyes looking tired and heavy. Then, with a weary gesture, he ran his fingers through his hair and turned away.

He glanced at the clock. By this time Hadley must have left, and would be well on his way, for had he been stopped the news would have reached him before then.

He took up the candle and crossed the floor listlessly in the direction of the Southerner's room. It might be as well, he thought, to see that he had left no traces behind him which might give rise to suspicions of his escape before it was absolutely impossible to hide it.

The moonlight had left that side of the house, and the room was in darkness. Woolsey raised the candle and peered about him.

Presently his glance fell on the suit of clothes lying on the table, neatly folded; and he looked at them, vaguely wondering if by removing and concealing them he might chance to throw the blame of the prisoner's escape off himself.

Suddenly with a start he bent lower, his breath coming sharply between his set teeth and his heart beating in quick thumps, half of hope, half of fear.

He rested the candle on the table while he looked yet closer. No! his sight had not deceived him, he had made no mistake. The suit of uniform lying before him was not the mud-stained grey he had expected to see, but the blue he had brought there himself.

Then he raised his head and looked about the room. For the first time he noticed the dark outline of a figure lying on the low camp-bed in the corner.

In a few swift steps he crossed the room to the sleeper's side. Bending over him he seized his arm and shook him.

“Hadley!” he whispered. “Hadley!”

“What—what's the matter?” muttered Jim at length, sleepily. “Oh—that you, Woolsey? What do you want?”

“Get up, you fool!” cried the other, hoarsely. “What have you been thinking about? Why, man alive, I thought you had gone hours ago!”

“I say—steady! You're dislocating my shoulder; don't shake a fellow like that! Why haven't I gone? Oh, because I changed my mind and decided to stay here after all.”

“Do you mean to tell me you are going to be fool enough to chuck away your only chance of escape?” cried Woolsey.

Jim drew himself into a sitting position and clasped his hands round his knees. “I guess that's about it,” he answered.

“You are going to stay here and—hang it all man, are you mad? Do you know what the consequences will be?”

“You see it's this way,” began Jim in his languid Southern drawl; “thinking it over afterwards it seemed to me that if I got off safely it would only be to leave you in a precious mess. To assist the escape of a prisoner of war—or what you Northerners are pleased to term a rebel—means incurring a heavy penalty: court-martial, imprisonment, and various other unpleasant consequences; isn't that so?”

"Oh, don't lie there talking rot ; get up and dress," cried the other, impatiently.

"Isn't that so?" repeated Jim.

"Possibly, but—"

"Then there's no more to be said. It's no use your sacrificing yourself and chucking away your life and chances for me; I'm not much good, anyway, that you should do it; and what's more, I don't mean to let you."

"I've told you I intend to get out of this, and I'm going to do it," returned Woolsey, doggedly. "Get up and put on that uniform!"

"You march early to-morrow, don't you?" asked Jim, casually. "Well then, I advise you to go to bed, or you won't be fit for much in the morning. It's no good talking, Woolsey ; I am not going to move from this room to-night! Yes, I know it's my last chance; but I knew when I started on this confounded business I was running a risk, and I knew what would probably happen if I were taken, and I am not such a blanked coward as to want to save my life at the expense of another man's, anyway; so that's that."

Woolsey turned away slowly without speaking.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked at last, unsteadily

"You might take the letter—it's on the table, there—and see that it gets sent off all right; I—I should like her to have it, you know."

"Anything else?"

"Nothing, thanks," the other answered, lying down again and pulling up his heavy military cloak with a jerk. "You've done what you could for me, and I am awfully grateful—and, oh, yes, there's one other thing I wish you would do."

Woolsey came back to his side.

"Shake hands, will you?"

This time the outstretched hand was taken and gripped closely. Then the Federal turned hastily away, an uncomfortable throb in his throat and an unusual dimness over his eyes.

And when he had gone, and all was still again, Jim turned on his side, and after a time he slept, as dreamless and forgetful a sleep as if he rested in a Southern camp with none but Confederate soldiers round him.

# Famous British Ships AND THEIR COMMANDERS.

BY WALTER WOOD.

*Author of "Tales of the Service," &c.*

## THE "REVENGE" AND SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE.

**H**E who would write of famous British ships and the men who have commanded them has such a dazzling list of triumphs to select from that he is fain to pause and wonder where he shall begin. He may start with Nelson in the hour of his greatest victory, and pass from him to Howe on the glorious first of June, or to Cuthbert Collingwood, the man who on that same Sunday told the Admiral that about that time their wives were going to church, but he thought the peal they would ring about the Frenchmen's ears would outdo the parish bells at home. He may turn to Duncan's victory over the Dutch off Camperdown, to Hotham's defeat of the French off Genoa, to Jervis's triumph over the Spaniards off Cape St. Vincent, or to the deeds which made men like Rodney, Blake and Anson famous; or he may come to our own day and tell of the *Victoria*, the colossal ship that never fired a shot in anger, and whose men in face of death yet showed a courage that was never excelled on land or sea. But coming first in point of individual valour, as it comes amongst the very first of England's great naval battles, is the *Revenge* of Sir Richard Grenville, and her last fight with the Spanish blood-hounds off the Azores.

The *Revenge*, with ninety of her crew lying sick on the ballast, fought for fifteen hours with fifteen great ships of Spain—of which one was of 1,500 tons, and not until she was a mastless, riddled hulk, filled with slaughtered and wounded men, and with her commander suffering from a mortal wound, did she surrender. When that happened she had sunk two of the enemy's ships and killed or drowned nearly 2,000 Spaniards, while a third vessel afterwards sank as she made St. Michael's Roads, and a fourth had to be run ashore to save her. When Horatius kept the bridge the foe could scarce forbear to cheer. So it was with the men of Spain. For once their hatred of the English was lost in admiration, and they gave honourable treatment to captives who, in other circumstances, would have been hustled off to death or the tortures of the Inquisition.

The *Revenge*, although a small ship, was not so very little for the age in which she was built. She was of 500 tons, had, with her full complement, a crew of 250 men, and carried from 30 to 50 guns of various calibre. Her size may be judged from the fact that in 1588 it was ordered that four new ships should be built "on the model of the *Revenge*, but exceeding her in burthen. The dimensions to be 100 feet by the keel, 35 feet in breadth, and 15 feet depth in the hold." Such was the *Revenge* of Queen Elizabeth's time. Compare her with the *Revenge* of Queen Victoria's navy—Steel twin-screw armour-clad ship, 14,150 tons, 13,000 horse-power, 380 feet long and 75 feet broad, carrying 634 men and four 67-ton guns, as well as ordnance of smaller size. The *Revenge* was a vessel of wonderful ill-luck—according to Sir John Hawkins she was the most unfortunate ship that Elizabeth ever had. One of her principal performances was during a storm in which she was anchored in the river off Rochester. Although she had nothing but her bare masts overhead she turned topsy-turvy, her keel being uppermost. Her many escapes after being aground, and the fact that she could be sailed after the fifteen hours' pounding from the Spanish guns off Flores speak well for her marvellous strength and the honesty with which she was built.

What manner of man was this Sir Richard Grenville, who so desperately and valiantly fought his ship against the Spanish host? Just the sort we should expect to find; one who feared neither man nor devil, but who had that reverence for his God which is so great a feature in all the bravest of our seamen. Says Jan Huygan Van Linschoten, in his quaint little work which tells of what befell the *Revenge* after she surrendered: "He was a man very unquiet in his minde, and greatly affected to warre. . . . He was of so hard a complexion, that as he continued amongst the Spanish Captaines while they were at dinner or supper with him, he would carouse three or four glasses of wine, and in a braverie take the glasses between his teeth and crash them in peeces and swallow them downe, so that the blood ran out of his mouth without any harme at all unto him."

Kingsley in "Westward Ho" says that Grenville was subject to such fearful fits of rage that he had been seen to snatch the glasses from the table, grind them to pieces with his teeth, and swallow them; but that was only when his indignation had been aroused by some tale of cruelty or oppression, especially by the Spaniards.

There is no reason whatever to doubt that Grenville did bite off and eat pieces of glass as is told of him. Such a thing can be and is done by a few persons to-day. Curiously enough, while writing of this very trait of Grenville's character, and wondering whether, after all, a sane man could do such an obviously dangerous thing, I had first-hand information which put the possibility of it beyond question. My informant had seen a young man who made nothing of biting out a piece of glass from a tumbler, crunching it in his mouth and swallowing the fragments. At one hotel which he was accustomed to visit the achievement became so common that he was specially asked to repress his unnatural appetite, on the ground that he had not yet paid for a large number of tumblers which his teeth had made useless.

Bearing in mind his character and his hatred of everything Spanish, who can wonder that on that memorable day off the Azores Grenville let his Admiral and the rest of his fleet sail away, and prepared for that great fight of which the end could be only death? His very name was a terror to Spaniards. When his body, according to Linschoten's account, was thrown into the sea from the ship on which he died, some of the Spaniards said they thought that as he was loved of the devils because he had within him a devilish faith and religion, so he sank to the bottom of the sea down to Hell, where he raised up all the devils to revenge his death. His death, as we shall see, was revenged, not by devils, but by man, and of all men his friend and kinsman, Sir Walter Raleigh.

And now to turn to the fight, the mention of which quickens the pulse and



makes an Englishman thank God that he is of the nation that gave us Grenville and his men of Devon.

In September, 1591, a little English fleet was waiting off the Azores for the return of the Spanish treasure ships from Goa, laden with cargoes of enormous value. So frequent and successful had been the onslaughts of the English seamen on these argosies that in this special case the King of Spain had ordered the ships not to set sail from the East until very late in the season, when he hoped the English would have been driven home through want of provisions and water and the foulness of their ships. In addition to this the King had taken the precaution of getting together a strong fleet to sail out and overpower the English, should they still remain, and escort the Indiamen to port. But Lord Thomas Howard, the Admiral, had kept the seas for six months, his ships of war having been provisioned by victuallers running between them and England. His fleet was off the Azores the very day before the Indiamen came in sight, and but for the appearance of the Spaniards the vast treasure would have been the reward of his long and tedious waiting.

When the approach of the fleet of Spain was made known by Captain Midleton, who commanded a swift little ship, Howard, feeling that against such enormous odds his own vessels—foul with keeping the seas so long—and men—half of whom were incapacitated by sickness—were powerless, determined to sail away.

Howard had with him only six of the Queen's ships, six victuallers of London, the bark *Raleigh* and two or three pinnaces. These were riding at anchor near Flores, one of the western islands of the Azores, when the intelligence was received of the approach of the Spaniards. No sooner had the alarm been raised than the enemy came in sight. Many of the ships' companies were ashore on the island at the time, some getting ballast and some filling the water-casks, and securing what they could, either by purchase or force. Of the six ships of the navy two were of small dimensions, while the others were only of middle size. The rest of the craft were practically useless for fighting purposes. Howard was in the *Bonaventure*, and Grenville, who was Vice-Admiral, was in the *Revenge*. The little fleet was crippled by want of provisions and water; everything was out of order, and the ships themselves were dangerously light for want of ballast.

Seeing the hopelessness of combat Howard gave the order to set sail, and the tiny squadron managed to slip away. Grenville, however, when the command was given, disdained to obey it, saying that he would rather die than suffer the shame of running from ships of Spain. He persuaded his crew that he would pass through the two squadrons of the enemy, and thus escape safely and honourably. Grenville, too, when the approach of the enemy was first made known, had his sick on shore, and he was not the man to leave them to be captured by the nation he hated so intensely. He accordingly hurried his operations and got his sick on board. They were put on the ballast, the safest place in the ship in view of the storm of shot which all knew must come from the guns of the armada.

There was no want of courage on the part of the men who did their best to get away from the fleet of Spain. There were fifty-three Spanish sail, crowded with soldiers, and so well furnished with guns and ammunition that they could have blown the English out of the water. The very hugeness of the Spanish fleet, says Raleigh, would have crushed the English ships to shivers between them, even if no other violence had been offered. Howard himself would have done as Grenville intended to do—enter between the Spanish squadrons—but the rest of the commanders, feeling certain that all would be lost, refused to agree to such a course; indeed, the master of Howard's own vessel offered to jump into the sea rather than conduct her to be a prey to the enemy when both defence and victory were hopeless. Let it be remembered that the Spanish ships swarmed with soldiers and mariners, some of them carrying as many as 800 men; while others had on board 500, and none carried less than 200. They were fresh from port, and

had abundance of arms and ammunition, while the *Revenge* was poorly furnished with both men and weapons. In ships the odds were one to fifty-three; in men there was one Englishman—the *Revenge* was fought throughout with only 100 men—to 150 Spaniards.

When it was seen that Grenville was resolved to fight, as much help was given as could be given by his comrades in the fleet. The *Foresight*, commanded by Thomas Vavisour, stood by the *Revenge* for two hours, fighting valiantly, and she was got clear of the encompassing ships only with the greatest difficulty. The rest of the Englishmen used their guns as much as they could consistently with the needs of the case, and kept up the firing till night separated them. The gallant little victualler, *George Noble*, of London, at the beginning of the fight fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Grenville what he would command him, being but one of the victuallers and of small force. Grenville magnanimously told the captain to save himself and leave him to his fortune; and so the *George Noble*, having been knocked about a good deal by the Spanish guns, and being unable effectually to answer, sailed away. There was another small ship, the *Pilgrim*, which hovered about to see how the fight went, but when, towards the last, she made as if to help the *Revenge*, she was "hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous houndes, but escaped."

The famous *San Philip*, a lumbering craft of 1,500 tons, was the first to engage the *Revenge*. She came and put her huge body between the *Revenge* and the wind, so that Grenville's vessel lost way and became for a time a mere hulk on the waters. The *San Philip* carried three tiers of ordnance on each side, 11 guns in each tier. She had a total broadside, therefore, of 33 guns, and opened a heavy fire on the *Revenge*. The Spaniard, however, with her towering sides, offered a splendid target to the *Revenge*, while at such close quarters many of her own guns were useless, owing to the impossibility of training them on to the little ship of the foe.



THE ARMADA IN THE CHANNEL  
From a contemporary engraving in the British Museum

The *Revenge* fought with the valour of desperation, and so deadly was the discharge from the lower tier of her guns, loaded with cross-bar shot, that the *San Philip* took her battered carcase off as speedily as she could, "utterly misliking her entertainment."

While the vessels were pounding each other, every shot from the Englishman spreading death and destruction on board the crowded Spaniard, the consorts of the *San Philip* came up, and four of the largest prepared to board the *Revenge*, two on the starboard side and two on the port. The four boarded her while she was still entangled with the *San Philip*, and a host of Spaniards poured upon her decks. There was a desperate hand to hand fight, but nothing was to conquer the defenders of the *Revenge*, and the hordes were repulsed at the point of the pike and the sword. Many were driven back on to their own vessels, which they were glad enough to regain, while many more were hurled overboard and drowned.

Guns roared and fire-arms snapped viciously, steel clashed against steel, and the fierce shouts of angry combatants mingled with the groans of the wounded and the shrieks of the drowning. Still the conflict went on. The afternoon wore to evening, and the day gave place to night; but for the men on the *Revenge* there came no rest. They were committed to a fight the end of which, so far as they could see, was certain death. If they escaped with their lives and fell into the hands of the Spaniards, things worse than death would overtake them in the Inquisition and the galleys. Better, then, die fighting for God and England.

Through all that mad meeting Grenville directed and cheered his men. His courage never faltered, his determination to die rather than yield never grew less. According to one story he was dangerously wounded at the beginning of the fray, and was for a time insensible, but the account of six of the *Revenge*'s own crew who afterwards reached England showed that it was not until an hour before midnight that the Vice-Admiral was so severely hurt that he had to leave the upper deck.

While Grenville was having his wounds dressed, the fight raged as fiercely as ever, and large and small shot swept the ship at every point. Grenville received a musket-ball in his body, and another shot in the head, while the surgeon who was attending him was killed at his side.

By this time men were faint and weary. Since three o'clock in the afternoon they had been incessantly repelling the attacks of boarders. No sooner had a Spaniard cleared away, crippled and disheartened, than another came to take her place; and at no time were there fewer than two great galleons alongside making the attempt to capture by boarding. In all fifteen separate ships of large size tried to take her, and the artillery of these vessels she had to bear, as well as the general cannonading of the fleet.

The ship's company was lessening woefully; and when Grenville fell the *Revenge* lay like a log upon the waters, her decks reeking and slippery with blood. She had, it was estimated, received 800 shot, and was so utterly powerless and beyond control that she rose and fell only with the swell of the seas.

There she rode, a combatant without a peer, either before or since her own time. Two of the great Spaniards she had sunk at her side, and of the host of Spain, her crew had slain or drowned nearly 2,000, including two of the principal commanders.

For fifteen hours the *Revenge* had withstood the desperate efforts of the Spaniards to take or sink her. Her last barrel of powder was spent, all her pikes were broken, so fierce had been the conflicts with the repeated swarms of boarders; forty of her finest men had been killed, and nearly all the rest were wounded, while Grenville himself was mortally hurt. Mastless, with all her rigging gone, her upper works destroyed from stem to stern, with six feet of water in the hold—above all, without ammunition or arms, there remained nothing for Grenville but to surrender or die. He determined to go down with his shattered bark, and, with the hand of

death upon him, commanded the master gunner to split and sink her, so that nought of glory or victory should remain to his enemies

The master gunner was as brave as his commander, and a heart of oak like him—was he Kingsley's prototype for that grim and relentless artillerist, Salvation Yeo? He, with a few others, was ready and willing to obey the order, but the captain and master of the *Revenge*, with the instinct of life strong within them, even now sought means to save themselves. They had fought like brave men; there were some on board the *Revenge*, who were yet unhurt, and others whose wounds were not mortal, and who, if saved, might still serve their Queen and country in the wars. Should they not see if they could come to honourable terms with the enemy? As for the *Revenge*, she was so bruised and crushed that she could not keep afloat, and could not, therefore, fall into the hands of Spain as a trophy. So urged the survivors, but Grenville fiercely refused to hear of surrender on any terms.

Picture the scene for a moment. The roar of the guns has ceased, and the smoke of the powder has risen skywards. The great hulls of the Spaniards tower high out of the water, and hem in the little ship that is commanded by man or devil, they knew not which, but believe the latter. The fight is over, and they are assembled for the death. Some of the sick men are still on the ballast below, but many have died during that long carnage; and there are fresh heaps of wounded. There is silence throughout the fleet, broken only by the cries and groans of wounded men, and the heavy creaking of spars as the ships rise and fall slowly on the swell. On the *Revenge* men are pleading for their lives, and in the ships of Spain men are wondering what will happen next. The Spaniards, marvelling at the more than human courage of the foe, fear to close in for the final capture. They remember what the *Revenge* has already done, and may she not in her death agonies do even more? And so they lay in the stillness of that early summer morning off the Azores.

The pleading of the master and his followers was in vain; Grenville absolutely refused to listen to them, and in the end the master was conveyed aboard the *Saint Paul*, the ship of the Spanish general, Don Alfonso Bassan, where he made honourable terms for his comrades who still lived. All their lives were to be spared, and they were to be sent to England, ransom to be paid by those who were able to pay it, while all were to be free of imprisonment and the galleys. Such conditions as these show how deeply the Spaniards were impressed with the valour and endurance of their opponents. The Spanish general was fearful of further mischief from Sir Richard, whose refusal to surrender had been made known by the master; and in addition he was humanly curious to see the man who had fought so wondrously well.

The terms were made known on board the *Revenge*, and most of the men forsook Sir Richard and the master gunner, it being "no hard matter to diswade from death to life." See what happened. The master gunner tried to kill himself with a sword, and had to be forced into and locked in his cabin, while Sir Richard, all being over, said they might do with his body what they would. While being removed from his own vessel to that of the Spanish general he swooned. When he recovered he desired the company to pray for him, having previously asked his men to yield themselves to God.

That is how the English sea-dogs fought in those days. They did all that brave men could do with powder, shot and steel, and when the end came they piously commended their souls to their Maker. Witness the loss of the *Tobie* on the coast of Barbary in the same age that gave us Grenville and the *Revenge*. The crew began with heavy hearts to sing "Help, Lord, for good and godly men"; but before they had sung four verses of the Psalm the waters had stopped the breath of most. And hear what Raleigh had to say of the great storm of the night of July 11th, 1597, when in his ship all the knees, beams and stanchions were shaken

well-nigh asunder, "in so much that those on board made account to have yielded themselves up to God."

With Grenville on board the *Saint Paul*, a Spanish crew in the *Revenge*, and the Englishmen distributed amongst the ships of the foreigners, one might have thought that this historic fight was done, and that for once the Navy of the King of Spain would have secured that coveted trophy, an English ship of war. In the battle three years before their Invincible Armada had been shattered without the loss of any English craft of note; but now, although they had paid dearly for it, they had got one of the very ships which did them so much havoc then, and not only that, but they held as prisoner one of England's greatest warriors, and had in their custody also what was left of the crew who had so long stood at bay.

What tale the Spaniards could have told of the fight off Flores we can only



SHIPS OF THE TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH  
From a contemporary engraving in the British Museum

assume from the story they set forth of the Armada. Shattered and smashed as they were by Howard of Effingham, and his followers, and in spite of the immense loss they had sustained in men and ships, they did not hesitate to spread broadcast the report, in various languages, that they had won a great victory over England. If they could do that, having no proof of their valour, what could they not have done in the case of the *Revenge*? True, they had only one ruined hulk to show, and a handful of the infidel dogs of Britain, while of their own ships two had been sunk, two more were sinking, and 2,000 seamen and soldiers had been lost. But their spacious imagination could have woven many a narrative showing how the craft of Spain had destroyed an English host, of which all that was left was the *Revenge* and the remnant of her crew. Whatever the intention of the Spaniards was, it was not to be fulfilled. The *Revenge*, warring with the elements from her birth, was to war to the last and succumb in the fray. Shortly after the fight a

storm of uncommon violence arose, in which ships by the dozen and men by the thousand were lost, and the *Revenge*, with 200 Spaniards on board who were working her to port, went down near the spot where she had made her last fight.

Whether Grenville really died on ship or shore we do not know; but, at any rate, he passed away about the fourth day after the battle. We have seen how he lived—see how he died:—

“Feeling the hower of death to approach, hee spake these words in Spanish, and said: ‘Here die I, Richard Greenfield, with a joyfull and quiet mind, for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do that hath fought for his countrey, Queene, religion and honor; whereby my soule most joyfull departeth out of this bodie, and shall alwaies leave behinde it an everlasting fame of a valiant and true soldier that hath done his dutie as he was bound to doe.’ When he had finished these, or such other like words, hee gave up the Ghost with great and stout courage, and no man could perceive any true signe of heaviness in him.”

Raleigh himself wrote that according to some accounts the *San Philip* foundered after getting free of the guns of the *Revenge*, but five years later, at the sacking of Cadiz, he was to learn that the statement was groundless. In 1597, on St. Barnabas's Day, Raleigh singled out, at Cadiz, the “great and famous Admiral of Spain,” and being resolved to be revenged for the *Revenge*, or to second her with his own life, he anchored his ship, the *War Sprite*, close to her and the *St. Andrew*, and fought with them for three hours. Lord Thomas Howard, too, had the joy of being in at that day's retribution. Raleigh so pestered the *San Philip* that she ran aground, tumbling into the sea heaps of soldiers, “as thick as if coals had been poured out of a sack in many ports at once, some drowned and some sticking in the mud.”

The *San Philip* took fire, and Raleigh was witness of an awful spectacle. Many of the Spaniards drowned themselves, and others, being half burned, leaped in their agony into the sea. Others, again, to escape the fire, were hanging to ropes from the ship's side, being under water to the very lips. Many who were suffering from serious wounds were stricken while they were in the water, and so were mercifully spared longer suffering. While death and destruction were being spread on every side by the fire, the loaded guns of the great galleon were discharged as the flames reached them, and so fearful was the whole scene that “if a man had a desire to see Hell itself, it was there most lively figured.”

# How Cigars and Cigarettes are Made.

By DR. P. H. DAVIS, F.R.G.S., &c.

**C**IGAR manufacture has a mysterious charm for smokers, and many of the latter will be astonished to learn that, prejudice excepted, there are British-made cigars which are superior to imported. Our workmen are quite as skilful as foreigners. British gold buys leaf tobacco as good as is used anywhere; our skilful blending of leaf of various growths prove that our tobacco judges can and do suit the public taste; and British tobacco laws making it a grave offence to use anything in cigars except the water necessary to dampen the leaves into pliability for rolling them, is an official endorsement of their purity. Thanks, too, to the Factory Act, our cigars are made in clean, well-ventilated premises—quite a different thing to the factories of tropical countries, where dirty, swarthy niggers sit and work in a fetid atmosphere. If further proof be necessary, the daily visits of the Government Supervisor to every tobacco works will supply it.

These preliminaries over, I will ask my reader to again accompany me through the fine, large, well-lit works at Nottingham of Messrs. Robinson and Barnsdale, Limited, and there see how all the various operations are conducted.

In the leaf stock room can be discovered growths from almost every country under the sun, and all selected for cigars; for, be it understood, leaf for cigars is one thing and that intended for pipe-smoking tobacco, or cigarettes, or snuff is altogether another. Cigars demand for their fabrication leaf which is thin, tolerably quick-burning, of a spicy, aromatic smell when alight, produces a white ash, and has small stalks and very fine veins. The leaf must also be fairly free from inherent gum or any greasy character, possess what can only be described as a "dry" nature, and yet, when damped for use, be quite as elastic as a kid glove. Furthermore, every leaf should be sound (*i.e.*, free from holes or rents), and likewise uniform in shade or colour. All these and, perhaps, several other qualifications are necessary in good cigar-leaf, and, as the selling price is a great factor of cigars, the various growths and their blendings demand



DAMPING TOBACCO LEAF FOR CIGARS



CIGAR MAKING BY HAND

great attention from the cigar manufacturer. It is very strange that no *one* kind of leaf makes a perfect cigar—there *must* be a blend somewhere. Even the most prized Havanas are blends. Certainly they are Cuban tobacco but are, nevertheless, blends of various Cuban growths, each having a particular feature. But Cuban made cigars are not always the best; the wily manufacturers sell the goods by brand and therefore frequently use second qualities of leaf; the first quality leaf is sold on its merits at a higher price, and so finds its way to either Russia or England. It is, therefore, manifest that a British made Havana cigar (Cuban leaf) is frequently far better than one made in its original home. Furthermore, Cuba prohibits the importation of foreign leaf and, consequently, if the local crops are not good the cigars suffer accordingly; with us, and a free market for importation, we can blend to our hearts' content and so produce better cigars than the Cubans themselves.

But about blending. One growth, perhaps, looks well, but is of poor flavour. Another is full of flavour, but of modest aroma. A third may be free and white burning but lacks other attributes, and so on. Skilful blending here comes in, and provides the public at the right price with exactly what it wants, by combinations of various growths into the three parts of the cigar.

The first operation is to damp the leaf, and this de-



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mands some practice, for nearly every growth of leaf requires a different system of damping. If made too wet the leaf rots, and if not wet enough it is unworkable, but our illustration shows a typical piece of this work being done. Clean, cold, soft water is run from the tap into the tub; into this the

little bundles (called "hands") of dry, brittle leaf are plunged for half a second, and then quickly stood, with the thick ends of the stalks downwards on the draining-trough, to soften till sufficiently pliant at the right time. The leaf is left thus for several hours, but if overnight it is covered with wet canvas to prevent too much evaporation. Subsequently, it is all opened and loosely shaken up, when it is ready for stripping—a part of the business in which female labour excels. The elastic leaves are handed to deftly-fingered young women who, as will be seen in the photo, have a box on each side of their seats. They take a dozen or two of leaves at a time in their laps, and then remove the main stalk or mid-rib from each with surprising rapidity and regularity by folding the leaf in half down its length, and holding it thus between the thumb and index finger of the left hand; then the thumb-nail of the right hand makes a tiny break in the leaf near its tip, and "starts" the stalk. A quick movement now half jerks and half unwinds the stalk completely out, and divides the latter into halves. These are laid flat, one above the other, and all edges together like the pages of a book, and when of sufficient number are tied round with a stalk, labelled, and are ready for the cigar-makers. Into one box the stripper puts the short or torn pieces of leaf; the other is a receptacle for the removed stalks.

Next comes the actual making of the cigar by hand or mechanical help. Needless to remark, hand labour is best, most highly paid, and mainly carried on by men. The reason is that the foreman observes the rule of never passing a hand-made cigar out of his department unless perfect, and the hand-worker respects the rule that he does not get paid for imperfect cigars, and he has to pay for the tobacco spoilt through his want of care; and as he generally manipulates the highest classes of leaf, a hundred spoilt cigars in a week would make a depression in his wages, which, however, are fairly good, it being no uncommon thing for a first-class man to make two hundred and fifty cigars a day at five shillings a hundred for labour. His tools are simple. A slab of hard wood about a foot square by an inch and a half thick serves to cut his leaf upon; a sharp knife, something like those used by shoemakers, a small pot for gum, a guage to measure the cigars by, and he is fully equipped. To the right of his cutting-board on his table is a pile of "fillers"—short leaves to form the central core of the cigar. These are almost dry to crispness and demand a delicacy of touch in rolling, or otherwise they would be ground to scrappy powder under the operator's hand. To his left is a pile of "bunch-wrappers" with which to envelope the "fillers"—leaves perhaps originally intended for wrappers but rejected as faulty, because of imperfect



GIRLS MAKING CIGARS BY MECHANICAL AID

colour, raggedness, smallness of length, coarseness of veins, &c., although, of course, the quality is still the same. To his left is also his "pad of wrappers;" all fine half-leaves of perfect model and laid out flat. From them is cut the outside wrappers or coverings for the cigars. The man commences by spreading out on his board a piece of leaf for a bunch-wrapper; above it he lays a smaller piece as a safeguard in case of a breakage in the larger one while rolling. They are both laid so that the veins run *away* from the operator and towards his left, otherwise they would wind round the cigar, form unsightly corrugated rings, and prevent perfect combustion. With his right he picks up the desired quantity of fillers for the size and shape he is making, arranges these in the palm of his left and places them in perfectly straight order, slightly diagonally, upon the two bunch-wrappers. Then a movement of the fingers, a twist and a roll or two, and the fillers are enveloped in the bunch-wrappers and a rough-looking cigar is produced which is called a "bunch." That is moved to the edge of the board, a perfect half-leaf comes out of the pad of wrappers and is laid quite flat, a glance decides from where the wrapper shall be cut, the knife slashes along quickly and firmly, and a wrapper is cut off that in shape somewhat resembles that of a coffin with the head part rounded off instead of squared. It is laid diagonally on the board, the "tuck" end of the bunch turned in by the middle finger, and with several rolls it is spirally wound smoothly round the bunch until the thickest part or "shoulder" is reached. Then starts the formation of the conical end termed the "head" or "tip," and the thumb and forefinger are called into rapid play to coax the leaf into place, but a chip out here and a nick made there, as the man goes on, finally accomplishes the matter, and the cigar is finished after being gauged and the tuck end cut off to the desired length.

Readers wonder how the head of a cigar is fastened down so nicely; this is done with a touch of gum tragacanth swelled in water till it resembles a blanc-mange. It is tasteless, odourless, and of a peculiar whiteness which can best be described as colourless.

Women are often clever cigar makers, but their work is not so reliable as that of men; the singular reasons given being that by the time they have gained the desired experience they marry, and that they do not smoke and, therefore, have no means of correctly judging for themselves the faults of a badly made cigar, like a man has. Other reasons are also given, but these are typical. However, the introduction of moulds by which bunches are shaped has remedied many of these faults. The moulds are shown in the illustration, and consist of two pieces of wood which fit exactly. Inside each is a series of grooves the shape and size of the desired cigar, but one series is deeper than the other. Into these the bunches



CIGARETTE MAKING BY HAND

made by the female workers are placed, the upper or counter part put into position and then pressed. This action squeezes the bunches to pattern and the moulds and contents are then allowed to stand to harden the bunches till ready for "covering" by wrappers in the ordinary manner.

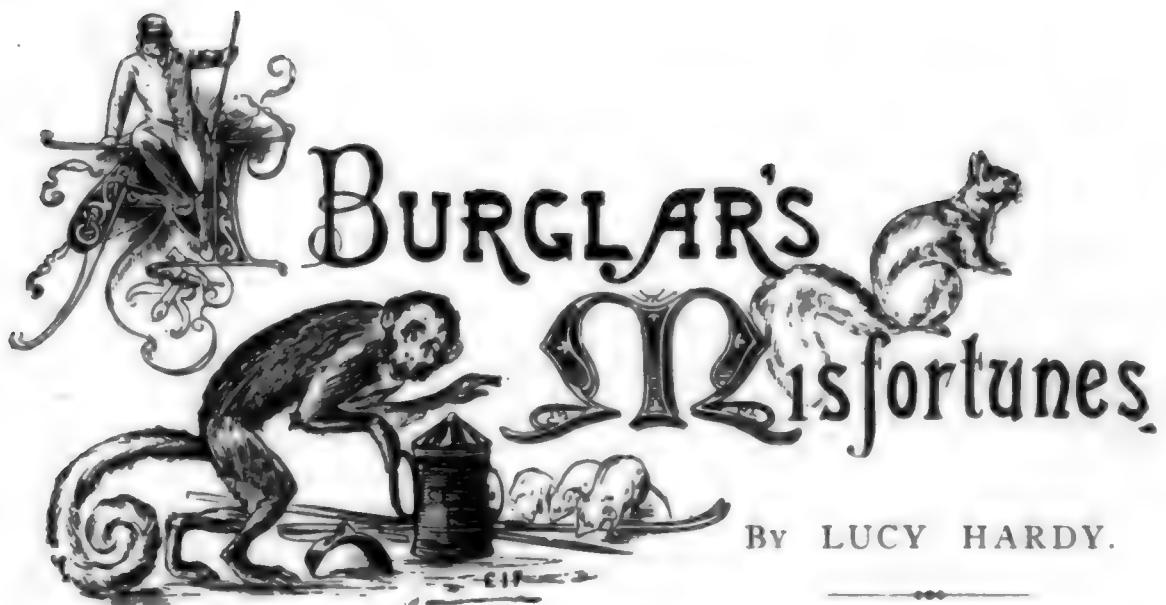
The cigars are now sorted to uniform colours, then boxed, stored in a warm room to gently dry out any moisture, labelled and put into stock.

Cigarette making is a natty profession, specially suited to the fair sex. Hand-work, as usual, is the best, and our picture shows a young lady busy therat. A piece of parchment made fast at one end to the table is the principal implement. In this is rolled another similar piece of parchment containing the tobacco to be subsequently pushed directly into the tubes of cigarette paper shown upon the table. They are made to uniform size by being rolled round a stick and fastened with starch jelly. A nimble young miss can make a couple of thousand cigarettes per day if she has an assistant to cut off the tobacco which protrudes at the ends and then box the cigarettes. The Company has also recently introduced, as an experiment, a remarkable machine from America which is to work wonders in cigarette making, provided representations are correct. With two operators it is to make cigarettes so fast that counting them, as made, will be next to impossible; it is to print the papers, make the cigarettes any desired size, cut away the protruding tobacco from the ends, and lay them straight in a box at one operation, but *nous verrons*. At the time Messrs. Cox photographed it, it was tearing the paper to shreds and playing pranks with the tobacco.

I have now only to express my thanks to this energetic Company for opening its doors to the photographers and myself, and compliment its directors and management on the cleanliness and order which pervades its splendidly equipped factory.



AMERICAN CIGARETTE MAKING MACHINE



BY LUCY HARDY.

**M**R. BILL SIMMONDS was eating his supper with the healthy appetite which befits a man who has carried out a difficult day's work successfully and now feels entitled to "take his ease in his inn." Not that Mr. Simmonds' day's labours were wholly ended; he had yet something to accomplish before he slept; but, as the mere exploding of a mine is less laborious to the soldier than its excavation, so, to the trained and skilful burglar (for such was Mr. Simmonds by profession), the actual entering of the selected premises is but the last—often the easiest—act of a long series of carefully-planned performances. The adepts who "burgle" our abodes do not break into houses at random. Long ere the nocturnal visitor carries off our valuables he has been carefully examining and "nursing" the premises; getting on friendly terms with the servants, "treating" the butler, flirting with the housemaid, and, amid all this friendly intercourse and careless chat, eliciting, with the acuteness of an examining counsel, information regarding the valuables in the house; ascertaining where the plate and jewellery are kept, and at what hours it will be easiest to appropriate them. It is in these preliminary measures that the accomplished burglar best displays his abilities; the mere marching in—at an hour when he knows he is unlikely to be disturbed—to annex property which he could—from "information received"—lay his hand upon in the dark, is an easy task compared with the tact and diplomacy required in the earlier stages of his professional work.

The matter in which Mr. Simmonds was now engaged was not, however, one that had taxed his professional abilities to the utmost; yet it was with satisfaction that he now, as he mentally remarked, "saw the job smooth before him." Mr. Simmonds (better known in professional circles as "Squinting Bill") had graduated in the school of crime since his earliest years, commencing life in a thieves' kitchen in Whitechapel and doing credit, even in childhood, to the teaching of his mother, one of the cleverest pickpockets of her day. Even the detectives and prison warders, whose acquaintance Mr. Simmonds, like all his class, was bound to make at occasional intervals, had a sneaking admiration for his abilities; while among his own fraternity his reputation stood high. Strange that "the hero of a hundred"—burglaries—should have at length suffered so ignominious a defeat; but the star of a successful thief may wane as does that of a conqueror.

Believing, with Goethe, that "genius consists in taking infinite pains," Mr. Simmonds, in his professional schemes, was wont to elaborate his plans with the greatest care.

"Tain't no good bein' in too great an 'urry," he would say to a group of admiring disciples who hung respectfully on his words. "My way is, nuss an 'ouse and wait, and know where you is afore you goes in, and then, you see, you collars the swag easy. Now, them jewels at Lady —'s"—and Bill winked at his appreciative audience—"why I was courtin' the lady's-maid, walkin' out regular every Sunday for nigh two months before I got them stones. Quite friendly with all the servants in the 'ouse I grewed, dropping in to supper when I liked. And so, when it comded to the point, I stepped in as easy as an old shoe one evening when the family was at the theatre and the servants having their own little party down-stairs. I'd been asked to join it, but was at work making up books that evening. I was head shopman in a jeweller's, you know, and that was why I took such an interest in 'earin' about her ladyship's collection." (Roars of laughter from the listeners, in which Bill condescendingly joined.) "Well, through patience and waitin', and knowin' all about the 'ouse from the servants, I got into her ladyship's bedroom as neat as you please, and made a haul—well, the best I ever did in all my days—and never one of the bobbies able to lay hand on me."

"But you've got lagged in your time, Bill, like other folks," objected one half-envious listener.

"Yes," responded Mr. Simmonds, "I has; ups and downs come in every man's calling. But I don't know," added the burglar reflectively, "whether, taking into account the wear and tear of the work, a spell in quod is altogether agin the business. It gives a man time to think, so to speak, and he ain't got no anxiety nor worry for the time bein'; besides, he's bought some experience by his blunder in bein' took. I really do believe," added Mr. Simmonds, reflectively, "if I'd never had some quiet months" ("Years wasn't it last time?" put in the critic, maliciously,) "in chokee just to think over matters I'd never been the man I am. I know I planned one sweet little job, the neatest I ever went in for, lying awake o' nights in Pentonville."

Like another eminent house-breaker, Mr. Simmonds loved, if possible, to carry out his operations by himself, but this was not always feasible. In the present case physical reasons compelled him to engage an associate. The house he had selected to rob was one of a row of suburban residences whose exterior did not promise a great booty to any burglars, but from private information Mr. Simmonds believed it would repay his professional attentions. It was inhabited by an Anglo-Indian family who had only lately settled in London, with the usual following of native servants, children, foreign birds and pets, and who led the rather scrambling life common to returned colonists who seem to have in some way lost the knack of ruling a household of English domestics.

The Vavasours seldom kept a European servant many months, recruiting their establishment with a succession of those giggling, flaunting handmaidens who so often seem to fall to the lot of the inexperienced house-mistress, and who prove such useful tools in the hands of Mr. Simmonds and his fraternity. Indeed, as that worthy gratefully acknowledged, it was by the mere accident of his stopping to "give the time of the day" to the Vavasours' domestics one evening, as these damsels were, in defiance of all Mrs. Vavasour's domestic edicts, lounging at the garden gate, that Bill became possessed of some valuable information regarding the contents of the house.

Mr. Simmonds, for professional reasons, dressed well, and bore a prosperous appearance, and the girls readily entered into conversation with so, apparently, respectable a passer-by. This acquaintance ripened into a regular chatting intimacy. "Mr. Brown, an assistant in a West-end shop" (for thus he described himself), often chanced to pass Simla Lodge on his way back from work, and, of course, always found Hannah and Molly at the gate, ready to exchange a few words. It was only the idea of never neglecting a possible chance of "business"; also the fact that one of the young women was very good-looking, which originally induced Mr. Simmonds to cultivate this acquaintance, for in his professional career he was

wont to fly at higher game than the petty spoils of a suburban villa. Chance however led him to discover that Simla Lodge contained more valuables than he had reckoned upon. Like most of their class, the conversation of the Vavasours' domestics chiefly turned upon the subject of their employers; their family circumstances, their habits, also, alas, their demerits.

"Missus was stingy," both maids agreed—a trait the more reprehensible in view of the "beautiful things" which the house contained, and which, in the eyes of cook and housemaid, argued the possession of wealth.

Bill pricked up his ears at these careless words, and, in another few moments the thoughtless girls, innocent of any intention of faithlessness to their employers, had been cross-examined and sifted as thoroughly as by any acute lawyer. Mr. and Mrs. Vavasour had been engaged in many charitable works in India, and several wealthy natives had shown appreciation of their kindness by making them costly farewell gifts; added to which Mrs. Vavasour had inherited some very handsome gold plate from a relative, all of which articles, as Mr. Simmonds gradually ascertained, were kept upon the premises.

True to his tactics of "no hurry" Mr. Simmonds was careful not to arouse suspicion by visiting too frequently at the house, but perceiving that Hannah, the younger maid, was of a somewhat credulous turn, he adopted the time-honoured expedient of "walking out" with her, even in the course of their peregrinations pointing out to the damsel the West-end emporium where he was (supposedly) employed, and where, if he ever married, comfortable apartments would be provided for himself and his wife. Never above making even small profits, Mr. Simmonds borrowed several small sums of money from the credulous girl, for whom he was professing attachment; and also kindly took charge of her watch, engaging to have it repaired gratis by a friend in the trade. As Hannah's avowed lover, it was easy—as Mr. Simmonds had so often found it before—to extract any information he wanted from the foolish girl; and this fact—as he afterwards bitterly reflected—made it the more exasperating that one trivial circumstance regarding the Vavasour household should have been left unmentioned.

"The bloomin' fool said somethin' about the lot of birds and beasts and the trouble and mess they made—but I never know'd—Oh, to think I never know'd," groaned Mr. Simmonds, in the after days.

To return to Simla Lodge. Mr. Simmonds ascertained that most of the valuables were kept in a small safe in the dining-room cupboard, which Captain Vavasour, who was something of an amateur carpenter and mechanic, had put up himself with the aid of a jobbing workman.

"For master said the price the shops do ask for them patent safes is just outrageous," remarked Hannah, with some pride in her master's skill.

Mr. Simmonds laughed softly to himself—he knew his tools, and his own skill in handling them—and liked the idea of an amateur-made safe hugely. Yes—it might be quite worth his while to pay the Vavasours a visit.

A fitting opportunity soon arose. A dinner party was to be given at their house; which meant a good deal of commotion in a small establishment, possible carelessness in fastening up doors and windows afterwards, certain heavy slumbers on the part of the tired family—a real "burglar's opportunity." The only drawback to Mr. Simmonds' satisfaction was the necessity of engaging an associate for the "job." Careful investigation and enquiry had shown him that the most vulnerable part of the premises was a certain larder window at the back, barred certainly, but with bars old and frail and easily removable. To stand unnoticed in the back garden (which was readily accessible from the road, from which only a very low wall divided it), to remove the bars from this window, and then creep through the opening was an extremely easy way of effecting an entrance into the house, but, in Mr. Simmonds' case there existed one fatal objection to this scheme. Nature had endowed our hero with goodly proportions. The window opening was but a small

one; never could *he* creep through it. Still, this mode of entering the house possessed such very obvious attractions that Mr. Simmonds, on reflection, decided to depart from his usual rule of working alone and to take with him a small boy to act as door-opener.

The party at the Vavasours was over, and the family sound asleep in bed, when two silent figures scrambled over the back-garden wall of Simla Lodge. It was a "beautiful night," as Mr. Simmonds thankfully remarked—dark as pitch, with gusts of rain and wind, which shook the windows and would disguise any chance unlucky noise. Though Mr. Simmonds flattered himself he knew his business too well to make any unseemly sounds during its transaction. Noiselessly and rapidly the window bars were removed, the lad passed through and sent on with instructions to unfasten the back door. Mr. Simmonds had, through the architect's lack of consideration, been forced to select his auxiliary rather with regard to the size of his body than of his brains; and it was with muttered curses on the lad's awkwardness that the more experienced burglar waited for the opening of the door. At last, however, it was undone, and Mr. Simmonds felt that victory was now within his grasp. To creep noiselessly upstairs, to demolish, with the dexterity of long practice, one after the other, those poor little defences of cheap locks and bolts in which the occupants of a modern jerry-built house vainly put their trust, was very speedy work; then came the opening of the boasted "safe"—no very difficult task for Mr. Simmonds' excellent tools and trained fingers. The booty within—quaint Indian ornaments in gold and silver, cups and jewelled necklets and bracelets—proved considerably less in value than the burglar had expected. Hannah, and even her employers, were possibly less experienced appraisers of the money worth of plate and jewellery than was Mr. Simmonds—and it was with many a muttered oath that Bill thrust the much vaunted collection into his sack; and looked about for any further odds and ends to make up his load. Spoons and forks, a small clock, several other portable articles were noiselessly whisked into the sack, when the boy, who had been stationed to listen at the foot of the stairs, looked in with a scared face and made a signal towards the door of the small third room. Like many suburban houses, Simla Lodge was described as possessing "on entrance floor, drawing, dining and reception-rooms;" this latter apartment being a magnified cupboard with a window and fire-place; which owners of the various houses of the street devoted to different uses, and described accordingly as "the smoking-room," "the school-room," "the girls own little sanctum," &c. The Vavasours, as Mr.



"THE BOY MADE A SIGNAL TOWARDS THE DOOR"

Simmonds was destined to discover, had also their own peculiar—and unique—use for this apartment.

"Wot's up?" asked Mr. Simmonds in a hoarse whisper; for he detected no noise in the regions above.

The boy still pointed to the door of the third room.

For a moment Mr. Simmonds hesitated; he knew, from cautious enquiries, exactly where all the household slept; and was aware that he had no occupants on this floor to dread at night. Could some belated guest have been accommodated with a "shakedown" in this apartment?—but even while this idea crossed his mind the burglar's experienced eye noted that the door was bolted *on the outside*; and it is not usual thus to imprison a guest. With some softly whispered but expressive comments on the boy's idiocy; and threats of what he might "expect" when the pair were safely off the premises, Mr. Simmonds methodically collected the great coats in the hall, glanced round the drawing-room and annexed a few trifles, and then bethought him that it would give but little extra trouble to look into the third apartment. Probably Captain Vavasour used it as a smoking-room, and a little good tobacco always came in handy. As he cautiously opened the door Mr. Simmonds was startled to hear a decided rustle, a swift movement, in the supposed empty apartment, and promptly closed his "bull's eye." But he was too late to escape detection, for, with a strange cry, the occupant of the room sprang upon him, and clasped him round the neck with slender arms and fingers—slight and small as a woman's—but which possessed a steel-like tenacity of grip. So sudden and unexpected was this assault in the dark; so strange and uneasy this clutch of fingers at his throat, that Mr. Simmonds fairly lost his presence of mind, and staggered backwards into the hall; here to be greeted with a terrified yell from his accomplice, who turned his lantern upon the struggling pair only to drop it with the wild cry:—

"The devil's a got him! The devil be a choking of him!" and, regardless of noise he made, the lad fled downstairs and dashed out of the house.

For a few moments Mr. Simmonds himself was inclined to think the boy had accurately diagnosed the state of affairs; he swayed and struggled helplessly in the tenacious clutch with which the "Thing" held him, making a horrible half-laughing sound all the while. The agony was unendurable; superstitious fear conquered prudence, and the burglar was reduced to roar for help, as the thin strong fingers pressed tighter and tighter round his neck in the dark.

Like the household of the Sleeping Beauty, all the family seemed to wake up at once. Downstairs came Captain Vavasour with his drawn sword in his hand, the impressive effect of this martial appearance being, however, somewhat marred by his dressing-gown and slippers. Downstairs came his wife with the bedroom poker, downstairs tumbled all the servants and the children in nondescript costumes and in no costumes to signify; and *upstairs* (having entered through the back door left open by the boy in his flight) stalked policeman A., erect and majestic, to enquire "what was goin' on."

"Take 'im off me afore he chokes me outright," gasped Mr. Simmonds, wildly—"augh"—as the policeman's lantern revaled that the creature still clutching his neck possessed a *tail*.

"Why, it's Jocko!" cried the Vavasours, recognising their pet monkey—and Mr. Simmonds knew that he had been fooled.

It was even so. Among the many out-of-the-way pets affected by the children of the family was a monkey; affectionate to its favourites in the household, but of a temper usually described as "uncertain." It had only recently been added to the family menagerie by its particular owner, one of the boys who had been staying at an aunt's in the country with this pet. Harry prudently waited upon his favourite himself, and hence its arrival made less impression upon the domestics than would have been the case had they been required to attend to it. Hannah,

in fact, had never alluded to the creature in conversation with her lover—unluckily for him, as the result proved. Jocko's abode was in the "third room," in company with sundry cages of white mice, squirrels and other "small deer." Disturbed and irritated by the entrance of a stranger, the monkey had sprung upon Mr. Simmonds' neck, and certainly looked and felt uncanny enough to arouse the superstitious fears of the burglarious pair.

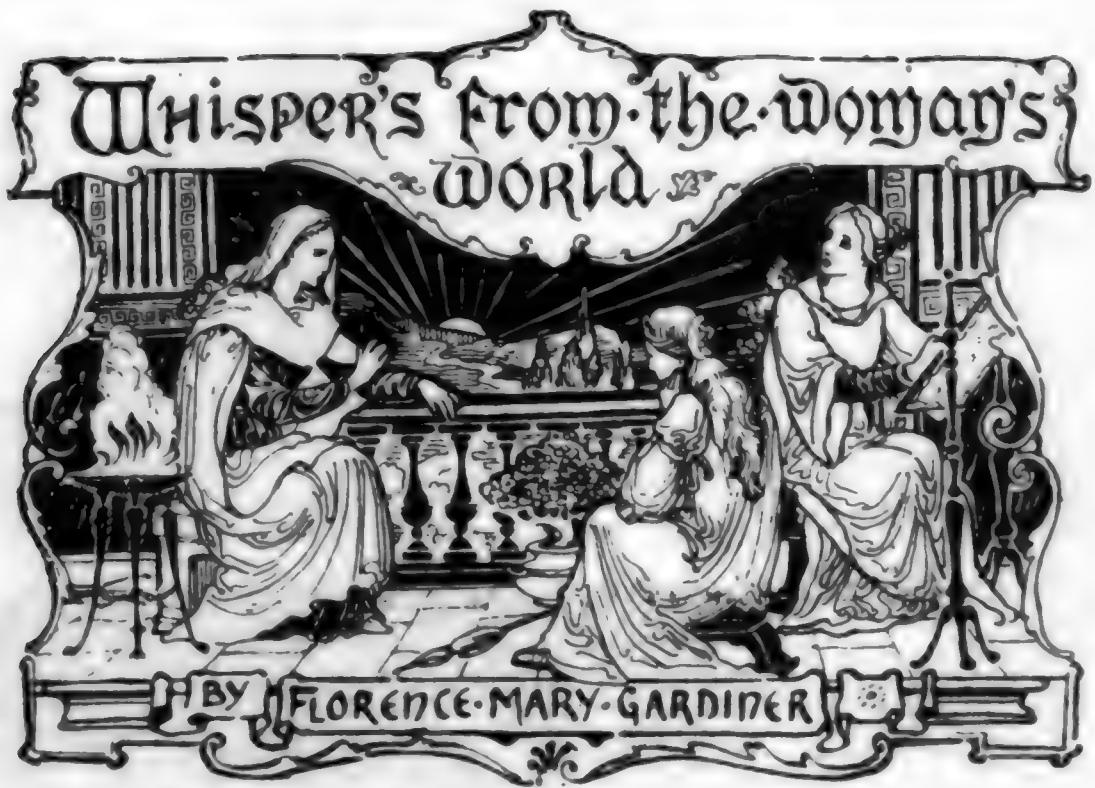
It was, however, but small comfort to Mr. Simmonds to exchange an imaginary for a real danger, and to be freed from supposed supernatural attacks only to be handed over to the custody of Policeman A.; for the sack of plunder and the burglar's tools told their own tale.

Misfortunes never come singly. While in custody for the burglary at Simla Lodge, the police discovered that Mr. Simmonds was the very gentleman whose acquaintance they had been long desiring to make in connection with another and more serious case of housebreaking; and, indeed, when his trial came on, so many of his former exploits were brought to light (exploits which Mr. Simmonds—modest as is ever true genius—had uniformly and carefully veiled from public notice) that a very lengthened term of quiet and seclusion—at the expense of a grateful country—was adjudged to him. Philosophically as Mr. Simmonds had discoursed regarding the advantages of an occasional sojourn in prison, one may have too much of the best of things. When fourteen years is the term given for reflection in jail, the quiet may become monotonous. Indeed, Mr. Simmonds indulged in some very animated and unphilosophical remarks upon learning his fate, and swore roundly at the monkey, the maid, the Vavasours, the Court, and the whole world at large.

Every calling in life has its ambitions and its pride. It certainly was an ignominious ending to the career of a successful burglar to be captured by an ape.



"'TAKE 'IM OFF,' GASPED MR. SIMMONDS'



#### A CHAT ABOUT CHAIRS.

**A**MONG ancient nations a raised seat was a sign of dignity, generally conferred upon kings, rulers, and those placed in authority; and in this sense may be regarded rather in the light of a throne than as a common piece of domestic furniture. Such chairs appear frequently in antique sculptures, and it is interesting to observe how little those now in use have diverged from the original outline. A bas-relief supposed to represent Darius the Persian, who was reigning 420 B.C., shows the monarch on a straight, high-backed chair with turned legs and cushioned seat similar in all respects to those used in country houses at the present day. Solomon's throne, as described in Chronicles, was evidently a costly and elaborate piece of workmanship, with its seat of ivory overlaid with pure gold, footstool similarly embellished, and six steps guarded by lions. One of the most interesting and ancient pieces of furniture in existence is the chair of St. Peter, in the church dedicated to that saint in Rome. It is composed of wood, gold, and ivory. The back is formed of columns and arches mounted on a square base, and it is finished with a pediment. If tradition is to be believed it was part of the household effects of Senator Prudens, referred to in St. Paul's epistles. In the Louvre at Paris may be seen the famous bronze chair of King Dagobert, and a *fac simile* of this curiosity is in the South Kensington Museum. The lower portion was made in the 7th Century, but



CORONATION CHAIR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

a back was added in the 12th; and this work, it is said, was executed by a monk, a class to whom we owe many interesting links with the past. Most of us are familiar with the Coronation Chair of Edward I., now in Westminster Abbey. It is of dark English oak and still bears traces of gilding and painted figures, a style of decoration introduced into this country by John of St. Omer, a foreign artist employed by Henry III. This historical relic is mounted on four lions, and the coronation stone, in the framework below the seat, was brought from the Abbey of Scone in Scotland, by King Edward. Legend states it was the veritable pillow used by Jacob, as related in the Book of Genesis.

The high state of civilisation attained by the Egyptians at a very early period has been proved by discoveries made during extensive explorations. These have brought to light many articles of domestic furniture in a full state of preservation, considering they are made of so perishable a material as wood. Sketches are given of an ebony chair inlaid with ivory, and of a folding stool with a leather seat. These with other curious examples are in the British Museum, and their approximate date is 1,400 B.C. The Egyptians also used couches with raised ends resembling the modern sofa, and these were stuffed and covered with the richly woven fabrics for which this nation was famous. Assyrian furniture resembled in form that used in Egypt. The precious metals and ivory were used for inlaying, and sometimes chairs, thrones and couches were composed of solid gold. Mr. Layard, perhaps the greatest authority on this subject, says: "The chair represented in the earliest monuments is without a back, and the legs are tastefully carved, often ending in the feet of a lion or the hoofs of a bull in gold, silver or bronze." Others were supported by entire animals or the figures of captives. Chairs were of such a height that a footstool was necessary, and many of these appear to have been beautifully carved and modelled.

The Greeks had couches for sleeping and resting upon, but did not recline at meals as was customary with the Romans. Women sat, with becoming modesty, at the foot of their husband's couch. They also used armchairs and folding chairs of metal. The barbaric splendour indulged in by the Egyptians, Nine-



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN FOLDING STOOL

vites, Persians, Greek and other nations of antiquity was shared in, and in many ways surpassed, by the Romans. Their luxurious villas and palaces had chairs and seats of many different kinds. The *atrium*, or principal sitting-room, was supplied with single and double seats, others which folded so that they could be easily removed from one place to another, and a

state or ceremonial chair which was substantial enough to be more or less of a fixture, besides stools and benches for the accommodation of the family and others. Long walls, alcoves and convenient nooks were utilized for fixed benches of marble and wood. Some of the Roman furniture was constructed for outdoor use, as for instance the raised chairs which were carried to the theatres, baths and other places of public resort, on the necks of six or more slaves.

The Roman occupation of Britain exercised little influence on the rude habits and domestic customs of our own ancestors, and for centuries after the conquerors had disappeared from our shores, the natives of this country were content with household furniture which had little to recommend it but simplicity of outline, and power of endurance. Illuminated manuscripts of mediæval times, teach us that even the dwellings of kings and barons were but sparsely supplied. A raised seat for the master and



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN CHAIR INLAID WITH IVORY

inistress somewhat resembling a settle, and a few boxes, benches, stools and folding chairs for the children, visitors and dependents formed the principal items of movable furniture.

The Anglo-Saxons advanced very slowly, and though the Norman Conquest was the means of introducing certain luxuries hitherto undreamed of, life in those semi-barbaric times, when family and servants occupied night and day a large apartment known as the hall, must have been devoid of comfort and wanting in that refinement which had been long enjoyed by the nations of Southern Europe and the East. As the centuries passed by, English art, partly from the influence of foreign queens, wars, and the intercourse with other countries kept up by religious houses, improved; and clever craftsmen were invited to England from the different art centres of Europe, whose influence may still be traced on the work of that period. Under the Tudor monarchs a great impetus was given to the furniture and decoration of dwellings of all classes in this



ITALIAN CARVED OAK CHAIR, 16TH CENTURY



ITALIAN, 17TH CENTURY

country, for Henry VIII. and Elizabeth were both liberal patrons of the fine arts, and surrounded themselves with every comfort and luxury then procurable, and encouraged their subjects to follow their example. Furniture generally, and chairs in particular, were much less ponderous and of quainter design than those hitherto used. A favourite pattern somewhat resembled a letter X, and consisted of a series of slips of wood interlacing beneath the seat and secured by a carved back and arm-rests, while others had legs supported by cross-bars, and delicately carved backs and arms. The latter were in many instances upholstered with costly textile fabrics, or were used with loose cushions. They were common in Italy about 1620, and were introduced into England soon after. A seat of quite a different character is the French chair of state, mounted on a low pedestal. It is enriched with carvings of festoons of flowers combined with figures and other ornaments.

Among the methods in common use for the embellishment of chairs, cabinets, and other pieces of furniture may be mentioned veneering, Tarsie or a pictorial mosaic of different coloured woods inlaying of ivory, metal, and other suitable materials. Tortoiseshell and various kinds of marquetry, lac work introduced from Japan by Dutch traders during the reign of William and Mary, minute paintings of classical subjects on satin-wood in the style of Angelica Kauffman and other artists. Vernis-Martin work, named after a furniture designer of that name (and consisting of paintings of rural scenes highly finished with gold and varnish), china medallions, and ormolu bosses. Examples of every process referred to may be examined in the South Kensington Museum. The 18th century was rich in designers of furniture. Thomas Chippendale published his pattern-book in 1764 which contains much which might be studied with advantage by *fin-de-siècle* chair manufacturers who sometimes foist on a long-suffering British public dropsical monstrosities which bulge out where they ought to go in and *vice-versa*. To this master of his craft we owe many pierced and delicately carved ribbon designs which have been applied to soundly constructed chairs and triple seats. Lock, Cope-land, and Gillow were familiar names a hundred years ago. Two Scotsmen, the brothers Adams, who had travelled in Italy and Greece, turned their attention to architecture and designing furniture, sedan chairs, plate, &c. Sheraton and Hepplewhite were both designers as well as manufacturers of furniture. James Wyatt and Pugin have, by their patterns and writings, influenced public taste, and we have been materially assisted by such foreign artists as Grinling Gibbons, Riesener, a French

cabinet-maker, and Goutière, a maker of metal mounts, who worked in conjunction with Riesener during the reign of Louis XVI.

#### WEDDING TOURS.

Should honeymoons be abolished? sounds like the headline of a leading daily, when Parliament is not sitting: yet it is a question which perplexes business men and women, and might be discussed with advantage by those who are about to bind themselves in the bonds of matrimony. A few years since "A Rainy June" was written by a well-known novelist to prove that this old-established custom could very well be dispensed with, and to show that such a course was the best and surest method to convert marriage into failure, and to augment suicide. As time rolls on, the period for retirement becomes shorter and shorter, which is in itself a sign, that those most concerned sometimes find that the exclusive society of each other, particularly in the first few weeks of married life, is apt to pall and both think (though martyrdom would not extract so heretical opinion from either), that an exchange of ideas with the outside world would prove a refreshing change. It is sad but true, that the most affectionate couples can see too much of each other for their mutual benefit. Though we are told man should not live alone (or woman either); that is no reason why married people should be denied that privacy for which every individual craves from time to time. Monotony, too, is a fell destroyer of marital happiness.

"Absence of occupation is not rest,  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed"



FRENCH CHAIR OF STATE, 16TH CENTURY

floats through the bridegroom's thoughts as he absently casts pebbles into a sea which ebbs and flows in some retired hamlet where there is one post

a day and the current issue of *The Times* is an unattainable luxury. The week-old wife at the same moment discovers that the husband she has vowed to love, honour and obey is a man, not a god, possessing feet of clay; and though, doubtless, he would come out of some great ordeal triumphantly, it is beyond his power of endurance to eat fried bacon for breakfast six days running without expressing a forcible opinion on the subject. Each longs to get home to that haven which has been prepared with such forethought and loving care, yet neither dares to confess it. The man misses the busy life of the city, his club and daily avocations; the woman is impatient to commence her reign in the domestic realm, and to call her neighbours together to rejoice with her.

Sums of money which might be better employed are too often lavished during the honeymoon, and necessitate a certain amount of economy afterwards to make both ends meet. Many a little luxury, and in some cases actual necessities are dispensed with, to provide funds for the all-important tour, which so often results in the maximum of fatigue and the minimum of pleasure. If some persons of sufficient importance would dare to defy the conventionalites, and would retire to their new home immediately after the wedding, many would be only too glad to follow their example. Married life would be started on a satisfactory basis, and a brief holiday could be taken a few months later when the two lives had merged into one, and each had become accustomed to the presence of the other.

The unmarried, from lack of experience, vote with one accord in favour of the honeymoon; but ask married people for their candid opinion on this question, and in nine cases out of ten they will agree that the wedding tour as at present practised is a delusion and a snare.

#### THE KING OF SPAIN.

Alfonso XIII., King of Spain, is now ten years old, and looks even younger, for he is a delicate child, and has already been nursed through several serious illnesses by his mother, Queen Christina, who is devoted to her little son. His baptismal sponsors are His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. and the Infanta Isabel, and he is named Alfonso Leo Maria Francisca Pascual—the last on account of his birth occurring on the feast of St. Pascual, May 17th. His two sisters, the Infantas Teresa and Mercedes, are both older than he is. The youthful Alfonso has a deep attachment



THE KING OF SPAIN

for his sisters, but the Infanta Teresa, a vivacious and mischievous child, is first favourite. Princess Mercedes resembles her mother, and is of a stately and rather cold disposition. The Queen and her children spend much time at a beautiful marine residence erected for their use at St. Sebastian, a place selected on account of its salubrious air, from which Alfonso XIII. has derived much benefit. Owing, perhaps, to her own maternal anxieties, the Queen Regent has a soft place in her heart for all weakly and suffering children, and has interested herself especially in homes and seaside hospitals for those suffering from consumption and kindred diseases. The young King has already made his appearance at several State functions, when he always appears very dignified and self-possessed, and salutes those present with gracious bows. For a few more years the Queen Mother will reign over the Spanish people, after which she will resign the throne to her only son, when it is to be hoped that he will enjoy a longer and happier life than his father, Alfonso XII. The young King has a tutor and staff of professors to superintend his studies, and every effort is made to educate him for his exalted position.

#### FASHIONS AND FRIPPERIES.

Gloves do not appear to have been worn by either sex in this country before the 11th

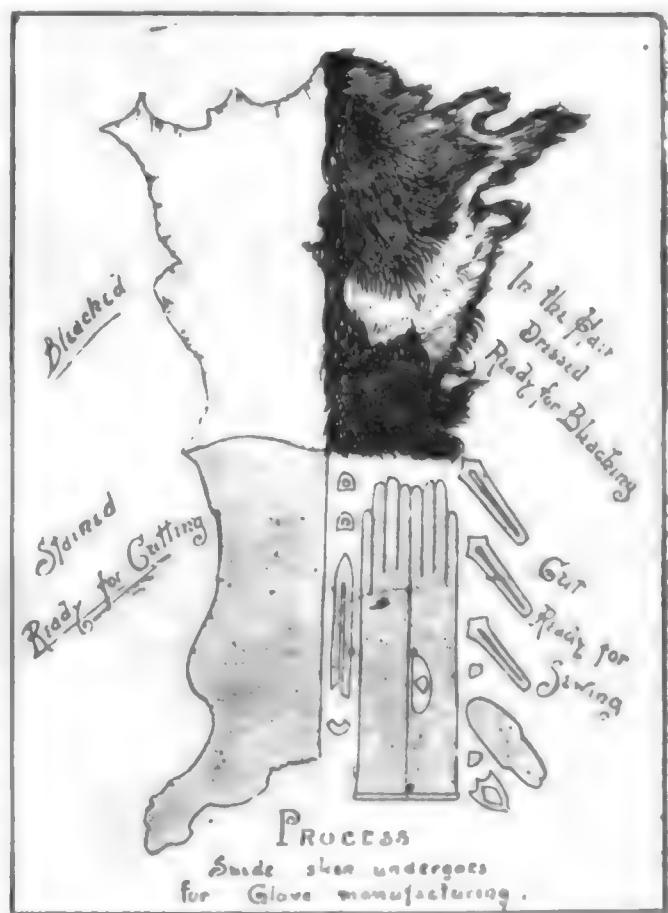
century, though with classical nations they were popular. Xenophon, speaking of the Persians, gives as a proof of their effeminacy, that they not only covered their head and feet but guarded their hands from cold by *thick gloves*. Homer, describing Laertes at work in his garden, represents him with gloves on his hands to protect them from thorns. Varro, an ancient writer, shows that they were used by the Romans when he states that olives gathered by the naked hand are preferable to those plucked in gloves; and Atheneus speaks of a glutton who wore gloves at table so that he might handle the meat while hot, and devour more than the others present. In the 9th century the Church sought to influence this fashion, and at the Council of Aix ordered that the monks should only wear gloves made of sheepskin. At one time judges were forbidden to wear these articles of dress on the bench; but latter-day judges are under no such restriction, and receive a pair of white gloves from the sheriff at every maiden assize. The gloves of the 16th century were more ornate than those which adorn beauty's hands at the present day, and were in most cases delicately wrought with the needle in silk and silver and gold thread. Mary, Queen of Scots, a skilful embroideress, worked the cuffs of a pair of gloves for Lord Darnley in 1655, with a design in which angels' heads and flowers and leaves appear, and edged them with narrow fringe. Shaded silks in crimson, gold and green intermixed with tinsel cords, were the mediums employed. Her cousin Elizabeth had a pair of perfumed gloves trimmed only with four tufts or rows of coloured silk, "in which the Queen took such pleasure that she was pictured with them on her hands."

Catherine de Medicis, it is stated, induced her Florentine perfumer to prepare scented poisoned gloves, which she presented to the mother of Henry IV., whose death quickly followed. Perfumed gloves were generally sold at this period by haberdashers and milliners, also by the numerous hawkers who travelled through the country and attended public fairs.

A glove belonging to Charles I. and worn by him on the scaffold, is still preserved. It is made of cream-kid sewn with a chisel stitch of silver thread. The gauntlet is embroidered in silver, and finished with a fringe of silver thread. Some ladies' gloves of the same

period, have a conventional design in salmon-pink and green silk worked on a white kid ground, on the back of the hand. These gloves are what would now be known as ten button length, and would throw most modern hand-coverings into the shade.

As *un gage d'amour*, the glove has played an important part. Favin observes that the custom of blessing gloves at the coronation of French kings, is the remains of an Eastern practice of investiture by a glove, and the ceremony is kept up of challenging by a glove



at the coronations of the sovereigns of England, whose champion enters Westminster Hall completely armed and mounted. In Germany and other countries on receiving an affront, to send a glove to the offending party is challenge to a duel. Gloves in ancient times were used in hawking, as may be gathered from many quaint pictures. We also meet with the term glove-money as applied to servants, who received the coin of the realm to purchase gloves as part of their livery, and it was till quite recently customary to present those who attended weddings and funerals with these articles of dress, as a memento of the occasion.

The illustration gives a good idea of the different processes in the manufacture of modern gloves and is reproduced by permission of Messrs. Penberthy, Oxford Street, London.

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With every change of season it has become an almost universal fashion to adorn our millinery with such blooms as are appropriate to the time of year; and the artificial flowers which garnish our headgear almost defy detection, they are such perfect reproductions from Nature: and only on the closest examination can one distinguish to which order they belong.

June, the month of roses, offers an endless variety to select from; and they are used with a lavish abundance, which goes far to prove that this particular branch of industry is in a flourishing condition. Dame Fashion reigns with such an autocratic sway that by a word or hint she can make or mar fortunes, and reduce thousands of families from comparative affluence to the direst poverty. A few years

since the straw bonnet trade of Luton was completely paralysed because, by some unwritten law, shapes covered with silk, satin, velvet, lace and other textile fabrics prevailed. Another turn of the wheel and lace was discarded, and thousands of frames in Nottingham and the neighbourhood, which are now worked to their utmost capacity, for months lay idle. That charming material, alpaca, is another case in point. For a few years Yorkshire towns were busy, and mills worked at high pressure, yet failed to supply the demand. A perfect town, Saltaire, was entirely built from the profits derived from one firm alone.

Model dwellings, a miniature park, an assembly room, church and other advantages for the working classes, were provided by the generosity of Sir Titus Salt, who had amassed a fortune in the alpaca trade. Only a few years have elapsed—a single generation—and the prosperity of the place has vanished, thanks to the fickle goddess Fashion, and the McKinlay tariff. When will that halcyon time arrive, when the English woman will

throw off the thralldom of Madame la Mode, and assert her individuality, and right to clothe herself according to her needs, and with due regard for artistic effect? Nature charms by her infinite variety, yet art as applied to the drapery of the human form, seems to aim at nothing so much as uniformity. If the veto goes forth

large hats are fashionable, that that long skirts are to be worn, or that sleeves are to resemble inflated wind-bags, the entire female population of these islands, without considering for a moment their age, size, or height, comply without a demur, and proceed to make

caricatures of themselves with the smallest possible delay. Yet common sense ought to tell us (even if we ignore every other sentiment which is supposed to guide reasoning creatures) that one particular style cannot be appropriate to women who

are exact opposites of each other. A few hours of bright sunshine shows up the weak places in our armour, and a healthy and natural desire assails us for something fresh and new. What is the result? We expend a few pence in the purchase of fashion papers, and make a brief but minute examination of the fearfully and wonderfully made pen and ink women, who are like nothing in heaven above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, for the all sufficient cause that beings possessing such unnatural figures would find existence, for physical reasons, an absolute impossibility.



SUMMER MILLINERY

From the paucity of our own ideas, and for the want of better models, we select what we consider the least offensive design, and trust to Providence. After more or less troublesome delays the universal livery arrives, and we add one more item to the ever moving panorama of ugliness.

With the education and art training at present within the grasp of all classes of the community, what is there to prevent any of us modifying prevailing fashions to our own requirements? Such a course could not fail to please others and prove a source of satisfaction to ourselves, and we should be spared a vast proportion of the startling incongruities which offend the eye in every direction. Rational dress reformers have pushed sensible ideas to the verge of absurdity, till now the name is almost regarded as a term of reproach. Yet each one of us can, with a little trouble, think out a rational dress for ourselves which is beautiful in form, rich in texture, adapted to our daily needs and devoid of any offence to decency and good taste.

The fashion sketches for this month have been chosen because they fulfil these demands. The millinery is well suited to English types of beauty, which do not always show to advantage in models direct from Paris originally intended to frame the flashing eyes, dark hair and olive complexions of the daughters of France. Charming, too, is the evening gown of blush-rose satin veiled with ivory lace. The vandyked skirt is edged with silk embroidery, in which roses and shaded leaves form an exquisite harmony. Puffed sleeves with epaulets of lace, and a corsage composed of folds of satin similarly trimmed, complete this dainty ball dress.

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In writing these articles for the LUDGATE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE it has always been my desire to place before our readers matter and illustrations of a practical character. I wish to lay down no hard and fast rules for others' guidance, and to avoid even the appear-



A BALL DRESS

ance of dogmatism. I have, however, I think, successfully combated one of the strictest articles of faith held by editors "that women only care for fashions and cookery receipts." All things by turn and nothing long has been the motto of "The Woman's World;" and by this means the tastes and sympathies of a large number of the fair sex have been appealed to. Three months since it was deemed advisable to devote a portion of this article to the interests of the younger members of the family circle. There are, however, so many publications which make the children's column a leading feature, that on further consideration it is decided only to cater for those of larger growth and to devote the available space to subjects of more importance.

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One of the most interesting books recently published is "The Infant," a novel by Mr. Frederick Wicks. Unlike the modern school of fiction, it revives the best traditions of the past and tells a story of surpassing human interest in dramatic form. The characters portrayed by Mr. Wicks are those whom we meet in the course of our daily concerns, and whom we talk with and perhaps do business with. They are of those concerning whom we would like to know more than the surface presents, and Mr. Wicks lets us see behind the veil and exposes their heart of hearts. The man of honour, the lawyer, the priest, the consummate rascal, the gentlewoman and the homely clear stacher, the selfish, the generous, the ambitious and the mean, all move before us in scenes of interest to every one of us. "The Infant" contains material for a dozen novels of the ordinary sort, and the literary style is, beyond question, superior to any fiction issued from the press since the time of George Eliot. Some passages will be returned to again and again, and those who once dip into the book will desire to preserve it as a friend. At an epoch when so much that is weak and slovenly in literature is daily pouring from the press, it is a real pleasure to meet with a work that gives evidence of careful workmanship in every line.

## Dramatic Notes.

With photographs specially taken by Mr. R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, London.

MANY first productions have come since I last wrote, and I am pleased to add that several of the pieces have evidently come to stay, for they have decidedly caught on. In fact, things in the theatrical world are altogether looking brighter than they have for some time past. Just before Easter, what with Holy Week and bad business, there were no fewer than twenty-one West-end theatres closed. Since then, however, many have thrown open wide their doors. At the Vaudeville, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, after the successful run of "The New Boy," took a holiday, and at the same time took unto himself a wife. Since then he has returned to the boards and given us "The Ladies' Idol." Much was expected of Mr. Arthur Law's new comedy. He has shown such a vein of humour in "The New Boy" that one and all hoped he could go one better in his next attempt. I suppose it is human nature to always expect a great deal. I remember my first view of the Rhine, the Giant's Causeway, and many such places, and every time I felt a sense of disappointment. 'Tis ever thus; you build up your hopes so high that the realisation often falls short of the anticipation. Yet "The Ladies' Idol" is funny, very funny; and, further, it is very well acted. Mr. C. P. Little is a vacuous swell, and in such characters Mr. Little is inimitable. Mr. Kenneth Douglas, who, as Bullock

Major in "The New Boy," made a most successful débüt on the stage, is also most satisfactory. Mr. Weedon Grossmith, as a music-hall artist, is exceedingly funny and makes the most of his part, and as Lionel Delamere, who has made a success in society, he makes a decided hit.

"Hansel and Gretel," of which I wrote somewhat freely last month, has now transferred itself to the Savoy, where also it is doing good business.

At the Adelphi the new piece has decidedly hit the taste of the public. The Adelphi has ever been famous for melodrama of the real genuine style, but lately one or two of the productions have been somewhat inclined to society plays. In this, the latest play, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," they have returned to their true traditions. It is nothing that the plot is laid in America. It is full of human nature, and being thus, it appeals to a sympathetic audience, no matter where it is produced. The opening tune, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is a fine, stirring, old military tune, and from the commencement of the preliminary overture to the final drop of the curtain the interest never flags. The first act opens at Post Kennion, one of the outposts in the Blackfoot Country. Here we are introduced to General Kennion and his daughter, Major



MISS MILLWARD AND MR. WM. TERRISS  
(AS KATE AND LIEUTENANT HAWKESWORTH)

Burleigh, who commands the post, Lieutenants Hawkesworth, and Parlow, and others. Parlow is engaged to General Kennion's daughter, but Hawkesworth loves her and is loved in return. Of course, you must have these complications in melodrama to make it such.

On the scene comes Ladru, chief of the Blackfeet, accompanied by two other braves. He has come to see General Kennion, and complain of the treatment he and his people are receiving at the hands of the military. In this scene also we find a Dr. Penwick, who evidently is written in to provide the comedy element necessary in the play.

Act II. brings us to the Cavalry ball, where everybody is enjoying himself or herself. Scouting parties have been sent out under the two lieutenants. Parlow acts the part of a coward, and eventually puts the blame on Hawkesworth. The latter volunteers to ride to Fort Assinaboine, and bring up assistance to the beleaguered fort, and thus proves he is no poltroon.

Act III., which is the act of the piece, shows us the interior of a stockade. The place is invested with Indians, led on by Ladru, who has a private score to wipe out against General Kennion and Major Burleigh. A flag of truce is waved, and General Kennion



MISS MARY ALLESTREE  
(AS FAWN)



MR. W. L. ABINGDON  
(AS LIEUTENANT PARLOW)

interviews Ladru. He appeals in vain for safe conduct for his men if he surrenders; then for safe conduct for the women and children. This also is refused to all save the General's daughter, who evidently is destined to become a squaw in the wigwams of the victorious Blackfeet. He appeals to the Indian chief, telling him his daughter, Fawn, is in the stockade. This seems to touch the Redskin's heart, who demands to see his daughter; but, as luck would have it, Fawn just then succumbs to a bullet wound. So there is nothing for it but to face death. Kate, the General's daughter, beseeches her father, if the worst comes to the worst, to shoot her, rather than she should fall into the hands of the blood-thirsty savages. At last the General consents, and he is about to do so—indeed, he has attempted once, but the revolver has missed fire—when bugle sounds are heard, the relief arrives and rushes into the stockade, and the position is saved.

Truly this is a great scene. Here we have the three tableaux. The haggard and gaunt garrison, all realising that death and torture awaits each one, all the women and children to be butchered; why, by the way, are women and children allowed to be on an outpost? Kate, who is to be the one who is to be spared for

worse outrages, is on her knees praying for all she is worth and managing in her dire distress to remember extracts from the burial service of the Church. General Kennion, with face averted, is about to take the life of his only daughter to save her from dishonour and outrage. The sudden change at the sound of the relief bugle is heard, the onrush of the relieving force, and the glorious ending of the scene. All and everyone of these scenes is worthy of the old traditions of the Adelphi.

In Act IV. we reach the anti-climax, and it enables us to see Lieutenant Parlow unmasked and exposed, and Lieutenant Hawkesworth united to the girl he loves and the girl he left behind him.

Once more all ends well; it shows us how virtue is rewarded, and how bravery is appre-



MR. F. E. MACKLIN  
(AS GENERAL KENNION)

ciated, and how treachery and villainy is despised and rejected. A good, healthy tone, and an appropriate moral, is the outcome of this, the latest production of the Messrs. Gatti. The whole production is from America, and is by Messrs. Franklin Tyler and David Belasco. By the way, is the latter any relation to our late Mr. David James?

First of all, Mr. Latham has to be congratulated on the excellent production — and this piece wanted some production. Next, Messieurs Gatti have to be complimented on the most excellent way they have mounted it. They have evidently spared no pains and expense to make everything as realistic as possible; and lastly, the manage-

ment are under a deep debt of gratitude to the actors. They have evidently been most careful in the arrangement of the cast, and the result has been a great success.

Of course Mr. Terriss is the hero, and what a hero he makes. Every line, every sentence tells. Really one wonders in beholding the ever young William how it is that he keeps his youth. It is only a few yards down the road that his charming daughter, Miss Ellaline Terriss, and his clever son, Tom, are both distinguishing themselves in the "Shop Girl." Miss Millward has the finest part of the piece, and, it is needless to add, she scores heavily. In Act III., where acting is wanted, where the slightest deviation from true feeling would change the scene from deep tragedy to burlesque, it is here that Miss Millward shows the true grit that is in her, and carries the play through. Mr. Macklin is dignified as General Kennion. Mr. E. W. Gardiner, as Dr. Penwick, is handicapped in having to play up to the Welber's Ann of Miss Marie Montrose. Miss Montrose may be, and no doubt is, very excellent as principal boy in a provincial pantomime, but in melodrama at the Adelphi she is very much out of place, and the result is that Mr. Gardiner has not the opportunities he should have. Mr. Julian Cross is the Ladru, and though he is only on in one act he distinctly makes his mark. In all such character



MR. JULIAN CROSS AND MISS ALLESTREE  
(AS LADRU AND PAWN)

pieces Mr. Cross is always at home. Mr. Cockburn, as Private Jones, adds no little success to the production, and makes a right manly and good-looking, heroic Tommy Atkins. I don't think I have ever seen a more conceited sergeant in my life than the Sergeant Dix of Mr. May. If Mr. May would forget himself just a little, and enter into the spirit of the part, I have no hesitation in saying he would be a great deal better, and further he would be doing himself justice, which at present he does not do. Mr. W. L. Abingdon, of course, is the villain, but this time he is a different one. He commences as a fine officer, but soon turns to be a cowardly poltroon, and eventually is discovered to be a scoundrel of the deepest dye. In all the shades of this character, Mr. Abingdon is at home, and enables the part to be of no small importance. I was talking to an American the other day, who assured me that he had seen the piece three times in



MR. CHAS. FULTON AND MISS DORA BARTON (AS MAJOR BURLEIGH AND DICK)

some brave men in the world yet, and as long as such are represented by that *doyen* of heroes, Mr. William Terriss, the impression is likely to prevail.

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Mr. Tree, after a most successful American tour, has returned and re-opened in "John-a-Dreams." The cast, practically, is the same, save that Mrs. Tree now takes the part originally created by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Mrs. Campbell being allowed to remain with Mr. John Hare at the Garrick, as no doubt her performance in "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbesmith" has contributed in no small measure to the great success of the piece, and Miss Granville replaces

Miss Janet Steer.

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At the Court "Vanity Fair" has decidedly made a hit. A rather novel feature in it is the allusions made to other modern plays. For instance, Mrs. Brabazon-Tegg says, "There's that 'Masquerader's' woman in the play, Dulcie something or other, with the drunken brute of a husband. Her case was very similar to mine. She left him and tried the new-fangled partnership plan; but when the new higher-morality husband took her home even, she refused to stay." And again in the same play a passing remark is made with reference to "King Arthur" at the Lyceum.

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Talking of "King Arthur," this has gone into the *matinée* bill, and now Mr. Irving is winding up his season with productions of his various past successes.

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"The Passport" at Terry's is the first play produced under Mr. Henry Dana's management, and he is to be congratulated that his first venture has turned out so satisfactorily. He has had the sense to surround himself with an admirable cast.

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"Baron Golosh" at the Trafalgar is decidedly bright and funny. Mr. Paulton, Mr. Lonnens, Miss Alice Lethbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wyatt all combine to make a very strong bill, and I believe that this theatre will see the luck it deserves.

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"Fanny," at the Strand, the joint production



MR. E. W. GARDNER AND MISS MONTROSE (AS DR. PENWICK AND ANN)

America, but he had not recognised the part of Lieutenant Parlow as of any importance until he had seen it on the Adelphi Theatre.

I think that "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is likely to hold the boards of the Adelphi for some yet. It breathes a healthy sentiment, and one comes away feeling that there are

of Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Cecil Raleigh, is also to be counted among the successes of the season. It had a preliminary canter in the provinces, and report spoke favourably of it, but since it has been transferred to the Strand, it has improved immensely. Miss Alma Stanley is immense; indeed, I have never seen her better, and I would advise everyone to go and see "Fanny," if for no other reason than to enjoy and appreciate Miss Stanley's performance. Mr. John L. Shine is in his element, and revels in his part; his brogue is as rich as ever, and it rolls out so unctuously you could cut it with a knife. Mr. W. H. Day and Mr. Robert Harwood also contribute in no small measure to the brilliancy and smartness of the piece, and from start to finish there is continuous and hearty laughter.

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Poor Opera Comique. "The Loving Legacy," which seemed to shape well at the Strand, had to seek new quarters, so was transferred *en bloc* across the road to the Opera Comique, with the result that the shutters were speedily put up.

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We are promised some delightful intellectual treats this summer. Madame Sarah Bernhardt is to be with us once more for a short season. Once again Mr. Augustus Daly comes in our midst with his brilliant company, including Miss Ada Rehan, and we are promised not only

the revival of last year's exquisite production but a new Shakespearean play. That is, Miss Rehan will enact another rôle. Talking of Mr. Daly naturally brings me to Miss Olga Nethersole. It has been admitted on all sides that Miss Nethersole was an enormous success in America; indeed, some of the critics in their eulogies declared Miss Nethersole was the actress of the century. Matters did not run as smoothly in America as they should have done, and Miss Nethersole had much occasion to complain of the mode of treatment she received from managerial hands. It is not for me to go into details, more particularly as I do not know all the ins and outs of the affair, but yet the fact remains that Miss Nethersole felt herself aggrieved, and one of the first things that she and brother Louis did, on arrival home again, was to pay a visit to Ely Place and actions and law suits were in the air. Whether anything will come of it remains to be seen, but I have it on most excellent authority that an amicable arrangement is under negotiation.

Miss Nethersole will shortly go into management again, and she is now—through brother Louis—making arrangements for a theatre. Readers will not have yet forgotten Miss Nethersole's forcible and grand performance in "The Transgressor," one of the finest pieces of acting that has been seen on the modern stage for some time past.

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*Copies of these photographs illustrating "The Girl I Left Behind Me" can be obtained from Mr. R. W. Thomas, 41, Cheapside, London. Cabinets, 1s. 6d. each; Small Panels, 2s. 6d. each, post-free.*



By H. Yates

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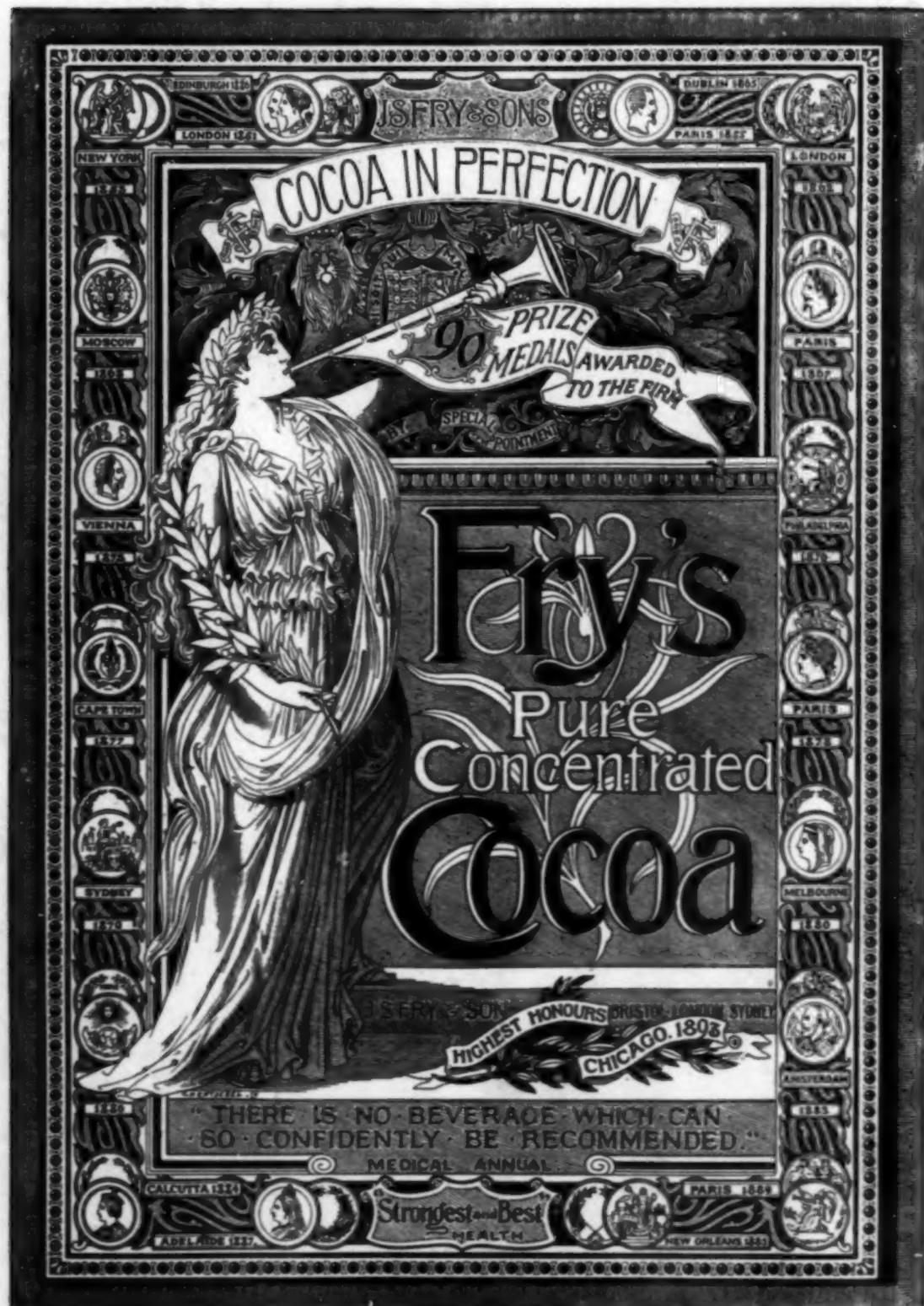
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